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THE  
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1852.





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THE

LAY OF THE VALLEY,

1852.



EDITED BY MRS. M. A. LIVERMORE.

BOSTON,

JAMES M. Usher.

E. H. Hall, Print.





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THE

LILY OF THE VALLEY,

FOR

1852.

EDITED BY

MRS. M. A. LIVERMORE.



BOSTON:  
JAMES M. USHER.

CINCINNATI: J. A. GURLEY.

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Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1851,

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## PREFACE.

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UNDER the nurturing sunlight of public favor, and the fostering care of patrons and friends, the LILY has again ventured to put forth its petals, amid the many "annuals" that grace this season of the year with their blossoming.

It is again tendered to the public, with the hope that it may prove an acceptable offering, advanced in literary excellence, and without moral blemish or imperfection.

May the kindly reception granted it on its first appearance be again accorded to it, with such a measure of encouragement and patronage as shall lead to its more perfect development, and to the perpetuity of its existence.

*July 31, 1851.*

## LIST OF PLATES.

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(Frontispiece), . . . . .	—
VIGNETTE (Title-page), . . . . .	—
"LORD, HAVE MERCY UPON US," . . . . .	69
EDUCATION OF NATURE, . . . . .	187
NAPOLEON AND HIS SON, . . . . .	192
THE SPINNING-WHEEL, . . . . .	272

## CONTENTS.

---

THE WATER SYLPH, . . . .	<i>Prof. Alpheus Crosby,</i>	11
THE EXILE, . . . . .	<i>Miss Phæbe Carey,</i>	84
THE FORTUNATE ACCIDENT, .	<i>Mrs. M. A. Livermore,</i>	86
THE WILLIMANTIC, . . . .	<i>Mrs. M. A. Livermore,</i>	57
JOTTINGS FROM A FOREIGN		
TOUR, . . . . .	<i>Rev. A. B. Muzzey,</i>	60
"LORD, HAVE MERCY UPON US,"	<i>Mrs. N. T. Munros,</i>	69
"DOST THOU WELL TO BE		
ANGRY," . . . . .	<i>Horace Greeley,</i>	72
PERGOLESI, . . . . .	<i>Rev. J. W. Hanson,</i>	82
A BRAZILIAN SKETCH, . . .	<i>G. H. Ballou,</i>	85
SONNET, . . . . .	<i>M. A. L.,</i>	107
THE HEART CHAMBER, . . .	<i>Rev. Henry Bacon,</i>	108
IMPRESSIONS OF A BI-CENTENIAL		
DAY, . . . . .	<i>Rev. J. G. Adams,</i>	111
LA PUEBLA DE LOS ANGELOS,	<i>Mrs. M. A. Livermore,</i>	135
EDUCATION OF NATURE, . .	<i>M. A. L.,</i>	137
THE GOOD TIME NOW, . . .	<i>Rev. Henry Bacon,</i>	139
THOUGHTS BY LAKE ST. CHARLES,		
NEAR QUEBEC, . . . .	<i>Rev. A. G. Laurie,</i>	157
A CHAPTER FROM THE HISTORY		
OF A FAMILY, . . . . .	<i>Mrs. M. A. Livermore,</i>	159



## VIII

## CONTENTS.

THE ANNIVERSARY, . . .	<i>James Lumbard,</i> . . .	189
NAPOLEON AND HIS SON, .	<i>Mrs. M. A. Livermore,</i>	192
THE PILOT, . . . . .	<i>Miss. E. Doten,</i> . . .	196
THE HOME OF THE SOUL, .	<i>Rev. R. Tomlinson,</i> .	201
THE ARTIST AND HIS LITTLE		
FRIEND, . . . . .	<i>Mrs. M. A. Livermore,</i>	218
ST. VALENTINE'S MORNING,	<i>Mrs. M. A. Livermore,</i>	244
THE TWO VESSELS, . . .	<i>Mrs. C. M. Sawyer,</i> .	267
THE SPINNING-WHEEL, . .	<i>M. A. L.,</i> . . . . .	272
THE DEFAULTING BROOK, .	<i>Mrs. T. P. Smith,</i> . .	274
AMIE, . . . . .	<i>M. A. L.,</i> . . . . .	297
THE PARTING OF SIGURD AND		
GERDA, . . . . .	<i>Miss E. Doten,</i> . . .	300
THE MEETING OF SIGURD AND		
GERDA, . . . . .	<i>Miss E. Doten,</i> . . .	304

189  
192  
196  
201  
  
213  
244  
267  
272  
274  
297  
  
300  
304

THE  
LILY OF THE VALLEY.

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THE WATER SYLPH.

BY PROF. A. CROSBY.

I THREW myself down in my rocking-chair, last evening, as is, perhaps, too much my wont, for meditation. I know that it is a dangerous place for a student, especially before a good fire in a long winter evening; and, most of all, when another chair stands at a convenient distance for the feet, so that your well-stuffed rocking-chair becomes a delicious compound of a seat and a bed. It is then a species of enchanted ground, belonging to that mighty wizard, Indolence. All around it, there are invisible cords, which fasten themselves about head, and neck, and body, and arms, and feet, until the luckless wight who has trusted himself there has become a close prisoner, — both mind and body helplessly cap-

tive. His fate reminds us of Gulliver, bound down by the Lilliputians, or of Samson, with his locks shorn in the lap of Delilah; but neither the miniature men of Lilliput, nor the siren of the valley of Sorek, had the power of binding mind, as well as body, to inaction. And yet, there is a charm that tempts us to venture upon the perilous ground, against all the lessons of experience, and the loud warnings that come to us from repeated imprisonment in past time, and from many a lost hour. Can we find, anywhere, a more striking verification of the expressive language of Thomson?—

“A pleasing land of drowsy-head it was,  
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;  
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,  
Forever flushing round a summer sky.  
There eke the soft delights, that witchingly  
Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,  
And the calm pleasures always hovered nigh;  
But whate’er smacked of noyance, or unrest,  
Was far, far off expelled from this delicious nest.”

I was venturing, last evening, as I said, to partake, though I intended to do it very guard-

edly, of "the soft delights" of "this delicious nest." By degrees, every wave of agitated feeling subsided to a perfect calm, and my thoughts, which had been roaming abroad, all came home to nestle; till, at last, my sole occupation was to watch a little column of vapor, gently rising from the tube of a water-urn, which had been connected with my grate to prevent the air of the room from becoming too dry. And now, for the first time in my life, I began to perceive that the particles of vapor had a distinctly visible and organized form. They issued from the mouth of the tube, having the appearance of the tiniest fairies that imagination could conceive of, — mere infinitesimals, and yet perfect in every limb and feature. As they rose, and the expansion of the column gave them room, their size enlarged, but they soon vanished into thin air. At last, one of these little beings, seeming to catch my eager eye, left the column and came towards me. As she approached, — for the visitant wore a sweetly feminine aspect, — her form dilated, till it had reached the stature which my fancy had

been wont to ascribe to the sylphs of the air,—  
those happy beings, who, as the poets tell us,

“In the fields of purest ether play,  
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day.”

She stood before me, with a sweet smile upon  
her exquisite and brightly beaming features, but  
silent, and evidently waiting for me to address  
her. I gazed a moment in admiration, and then  
spoke, in the gentlest tones I could command:—

“Who art thou, bright being, that hast come  
to visit me?”

“Nothing,” she replied, with a soft voice, of  
bird-like melody, — “nothing but a mere particle  
of water.”

“But whence,” I asked, “hast thou this fairy  
form, and this wondrous gift of speech?”

“They are bestowed upon us all, after a cer-  
tain number of circuits through air, earth, and  
sea, as a reward for our services.”

“Didst thou receive these gifts ages ago, or  
but lately?”

“Quite lately. Indeed, I have made only one  
full circuit since their bestowment. All my

previous existence seems to me, as I look back upon it, only as the dim tracery of an almost forgotten dream,—a faint, vague impression of constant hurry, of ceaseless motion, and nothing more."

"O then, fair spirit!" I exclaimed, "deign to relate to me the history of thy recent, thy conscious existence."

I was delighted to hear the reply, "With pleasure," and listened with intense eagerness, as the sylph proceeded:—

"When I first awoke to consciousness, I found myself emerging from a sparkling fountain upon a hill-side, into a playful rill. I was surrounded by companions like myself, and with these I ran down the hill, joyously leaping from rock to rock. In the ravine at the bottom, we found a rivulet of a larger size, into which we passed. Here our occupations were more various, but all delightful, especially to me, to whom everything was new. Sometimes we ran a race with each other, down a steep descent, over a rocky bed, joining our little voices to make all the babbling we could. Then we would loiter in our course,



and, joining hands with each other, whirl around in a little pool. Sometimes we amused ourselves by playing with the grass upon the bank, or with the depending branch of an over-hanging willow. Again, we frolicked with a group of noisy urchins, who, having pulled off their shoes, if perchance they wore any, and having rolled up their trousers, would work like beavers to stop us by a dam. Fruitless toil! for, after a few minutes of sport with them, we would either leap their barrier, or, quite as often, sweep it away. But our favorite playmate was the dappled trout, and we owed a bitter spite to the hard-hearted man or wanton boy who sought to lure him to the cruel hook. But, pray, since I have answered thy questions so readily, please to solve a difficulty of mine."

"With all my heart, if I can," I replied.  
"What is it?"

"I have often wondered what can induce so many of your race to toil, day after day, with hook and line and pole, and to take so many a weary step along the banks of a small brook, for

the sake of obtaining a few tiny fishes. Are they influenced by avarice, or by malignity?"

"By neither, I hope. But why propose such an alternative?"

"I have supposed that they must have in view either profit or pleasure; and I have observed that these trout-hunters are not commonly of the poor, but of the rich. If, therefore, they are willing to make such exertions for the mere paltry profit of a few little fishes, they must be miserly indeed."

"O, that is not their motive!" I exclaimed.

"Well, then," she proceeded, "let us make the other supposition. If they can find so great pleasure in the cruel tortures and lingering death of beings whom the same Great Father created, — and created that he might rejoice in their happiness, and that their gambols might speak his praise, — must not their hearts be full of a desperate malignity? Or is not this the word to express that character which finds pleasure in the pain of others?"

"Alas!" I replied, "I know not what plea to urge in behalf of such pleasure-seekers, except

the very poor one of thoughtlessness. Let this mitigate their offence, as far as it will; for, in truth, they are not themselves as hard-hearted as we must pronounce their occupation to be. I have known benevolent clergymen, even doctors of divinity, who delighted in the sport; nay, stranger still, tender-hearted ladies, that would weep hour after hour over scenes of imaginary distress."

The sylph gave an incredulous shrug, as much as to say that the benevolence and tender-heartedness of such clergymen and ladies must be merely *imaginary*. I made no reply to the shrug; for, though I did not wish to say it, I was fully convinced that she was at least half right. She seemed to understand me; and, with a delicate regard for my feelings, said no more upon the subject, but proceeded with her narrative.

"From the rivulet, we passed into a brook of a larger size; and here we found a dam, not the sportive work of boys, but the solid construction of men. From this we could obtain release only on condition that we would turn a water-wheel, and thus assist the neighboring farmers in grind-

ing their grain. As we deem all useful labor honorable ["Would that all men did!" I exclaimed to myself], we did not refuse the condition. We found it mere sport to ride down in the buckets of the wheel, and went on our way rejoicing. We were soon received into a small river, of which the brook was a branch. Our occupations were now more various, and though less playful than at the beginning of our course, yet they brought us a far higher delight, because we felt that they were more useful. Thou hast doubtless learned that the highest joy consists in living for the happiness of others, and that all true good has this remarkable property,—that he who gives away the most of it to others, also keeps the most for himself."

"I am not ignorant of that great truth," I replied; "and I recognize in it a wonderful proof of the wisdom and benevolence of our Heavenly Father. Yet I am ashamed to say that I have not observed it as I ought, in my practice. But what were these occupations?"

"Sometimes we joined in bearing up a boat freighted with gay young hearts, who were in

quest of innocent recreation, and who made our shores vocal with their melodies. Sometimes, and with no less pleasure, we urged on a raft, which had been laden by hard-working laborers. It was a frequent and a pleasant work to set in motion the machinery of those who were producing articles to supply the wants of their fellow-men. We imparted of our own buoyancy and vigor to the swimmer's limbs. We bore nutritious particles, which we deposited upon all the meadows within our reach; and often lingered in our course to observe and assist the farmer's labors. But there was one act which I remember with as much satisfaction as any other."

"What was it?"

"One day a poor widow came down to the river-side, with a basket of clothes, which she had undertaken to wash, that she might have some means of procuring bread for her little ones. She looked already weary and faint. She put her basket into the water, and then sank down exhausted. We saw her, and, hastening to her aid, we took the soiled garments, and, by

those arts of purifying which we understand so well, extracted every offensive particle, so that when at length she had recovered a little strength, and raised herself to commence her work, behold, it was already done. Every garment was white as the driven snow. I shall never forget with what wondering joy her eyes were directed downwards to her basket, and then with what fervent gratitude they were lifted up, to thank Him who is the widow's God and the Father of the fatherless."

She dropped a tear of sympathy for the poor widow, in which I could scarce refrain from joining her, and then proceeded:—

"The river in which we now were, passed through a small lake, and, happening to arrive here just as winter was setting in, we firmly joined hand in hand, and formed a transparent covering to protect our fishes from the cold. We might have found the confinement tedious, had it not been for the amusement which ruddy-cheeked boys gave us, by skating over the glassy surface. At length the genial breath of Spring came, and we felt at liberty to pursue our way.



Hurrying on, we soon became part of a mighty stream, which bore up steamboats and merchant ships, and swept proudly through fertile valleys and by rich marts of trade. At last, through the river's broad mouth, we entered the vast ocean. And now my first feeling was, that we were all lost in the measureless expanse. But we soon found, such was the hospitality with which we were received, that, if we had lost ourselves, we had found a host of friends. Here I remained several months, taking part in all those great transactions of which the ocean is the scene. Now I was busy in wafting a fleet,—now, in raising a tempest; at one time in smoothing the ocean surface to a glassy calm, and at another in breaking it into terrific billows; now in hiding the whale from his pursuers, and now in dissolving a dangerous iceberg. One act, and only one, I regret."

"What was this?"

"Curiosity induced me to join a large party who were going to visit the famous Maelstrom, upon the Norway coast. Here I became frenzied, like the rest, in the maddening whirl, and

in the wild mania of furious excitement, I aided in drawing into our vortex a fisherman's bark. In mad merriment, we whirled it round and round. Each revolution was more rapid than the preceding, and brought it nearer the centre. At length it reached the fatal spot, and the piercing cry of the crew, as the vessel was engulfed, awoke me from my delirium to the agonizing consciousness that in my frantic sport I had been taking life, and making orphans and widows. O! that cry! It is even now ringing in my ear."

"Still, thou art happy, if thou hast but one deed to regret. But how didst thou leave the ocean?"

"I had begun to regard it as my permanent home, when, one warm day, as I happened to be upon the surface, I observed that some of my companions had wings, and were rising into the air. I was struck with amazement at this new sight; but, looking round at my own shoulders, I perceived that pinions were springing from them also. Yielding to an irresistible impulse, I made trial of them; and, rejoicing in this new faculty,

rose, with my companions, into the air. Our life was now one of wonderful freedom, and of strange privilege. We had the power of assuming different shapes and colors, and even of becoming invisible. By arranging our squadrons in various forms, we give signs of a coming storm or of fair weather to the anxious mariner. Once, when a large vessel was pursuing a smaller one, we came down and formed a mist around the fugitive. Under this concealment, she changed her course, and made her escape. We then vanished, and left her to pursue her way under a bright sky. After some time thus spent over the ocean, a desire came upon us to visit the scene of our early wanderings, and look down upon the land through which we had flowed in streamlet, and brook, and river. A strong east wind arose opportunely to bear us to the American coast, and from the coast into the interior. We first showed our power by forming a gloomy veil, which hid the sun. But, observing that this brought us a cold welcome, we rose higher into the air, and, reflecting the sun's beams, presented to the eye a mass of dazzling

white. Sometimes we dispersed ourselves over the heavens in thin and fantastic but beautiful lines; and then, again, took part in the golden glories of a gorgeous sunset. One day, finding the air of a chilly coldness, we chose to fold up our wings, and descend to the earth. I united with several others to form a drop; and, the sun striking upon us in our descent, we reflected his rays in the bright hues of the rainbow. Returning to the earth after so long an absence, I first sank into its bosom; but, after pursuing a short subterranean course, I emerged again to the light, in a clear fountain, near the Cochituate lake. I hurried into the lake, and thence I came hither, by the noble path-way which has been opened with so much toil, to tempt us lovers of the country to visit the city. I am now rising again, thanks to the genial warmth of this good fire, to revisit the air; and, shouldst thou wish it, when I see thee again, I will give thee a tale of new adventures."

"Thanks, many thanks, for this recital; but go not yet. I have still many things to ask thee."

"I cannot stay to answer them. My companions are already far in advance of me. And yet, I will not go without one parting word. Blessings attend thee, mortal; and if thou wouldst be virtuous and happy, be like me!"

She was already leaving me, as she uttered this. "Nay, not yet!" I cried; and sprang forward to detain her by force. But she had now become invisible. Nor could I longer discern anything of the ascending host of water-spirits. I looked intently, and rubbed my eyes, but there was nothing to be seen, except a little column of vapor.

"So, then," I said to myself, aloud, "it is all a dream; and, in spite of my good resolutions, I have been asleep, this so long time, in my chair. Well, for once I cannot regret it."

I have no superstitious faith in dreams; but this was so very vivid, and so odd in its character, that I have not been able to keep it out of my mind. Especially have my thoughts been busy in attempting to find some meaning for the parting words, whose sweet music seemed

lingering in my ear, as I awoke:—"If thou wouldst be virtuous and happy, be like me."

"What! be like a particle of water? Surely, that is fantastic enough for one of Horace's 'sick man's dreams.' I will not waste another thought upon such an absurd precept."

But not to think upon it I found to be impossible; and these are some of the results of my thinking:—

A particle of water is a strict observer of the principles of equality, fraternity, and sympathy. In a vessel of water, we have a perfect democracy, such as human society knows nothing of. The equality among the particles is absolute, and is not at all affected by their position in the mass. Whether they happen to be at the top, in the middle, at the sides, or at the bottom, of the vessel, they are alike free and "equal," and "endowed with certain unalienable rights." Each particle occupies as much room as it wants, is free to change its position whenever it pleases, and exerts an influence which is felt by every other particle in the mass. Nor is there here



any lack of fraternity or sympathy. There are no warring parties ; there are no individual feuds ; there is no attempt of one to destroy or oppress another ; there is no assumption by any one of superiority over any other ; there is no contempt of the lower by the higher, and no envy of the higher by the lower. They all dwell together as brethren, scrupulously respecting each other's rights, having a mutual and universal attraction, and actuated by a sympathy so perfect, that no effect can be produced upon a single particle without affecting every other particle in the mass. What lessons are there here for me ! I, too, belong to an assemblage, and a vast assemblage, where, amid all the diversities of position, and all the changes and varieties of movement, an essential equality belongs of right to every individual. By the principles of natural law, every one has an equal right to subsistence, to occupation, to knowledge, to dignity, to happiness. We are all alike endowed with immortal powers, capable of endless expansion. What matters it whether, in this embryo state, one passes his little day in a palace or in a cottage ?

What matters it whether he grasps a handful more or less of shining dust? Among immortal beings, can any distinctions which are but for a day, give to one man any real superiority over another? Well did the poet say,

“ I feel my immortality o’ersweep  
All pains, all tears, all time, all fears, — and peal,  
Like the eternal thunders of the deep,  
Into my ears, this truth — Thou liv’st forever ! ”

Nor is this the equality of isolated beings. We are all bound together by cords of sympathy, which we may disregard, but which we can never break. If I am indifferent to the happiness of a single fellow-being, I am cherishing a spirit which is inconsistent with my own happiness. But, without this indifference, if I know that others suffer, how can I help suffering with them? The conclusion is unavoidable. My happiness is bound up in the happiness of others, and their happiness in mine. As then I would be happy myself, let me do all in my power for the happiness of others, — for their happiness here, — for their happiness in the life that is to

come. Let me concentrate all my strength of emotion, of thought, of purpose, of exertion, upon this noble, this angelic, this Divine work.

“Rouse to some work of high and holy love,  
And thou an angel’s happiness shalt know, —  
Shalt bless the earth while in the world above ;  
The good begun by thee shall onward flow,  
In many a branching stream, and wider grow ;  
The seed that in these few and fleeting hours  
Thy hands unsparing and unwearied sow,  
Shall deck thy grave with amaranthine flowers,  
And yield thee fruits divine in heaven’s immortal bowers.”

But let me pursue my inquiry, and see what other lessons I can derive from a particle of water. It is strictly observant of law ; it never violates a single ordinance of its Creator ; it conforms with equal readiness and ease to every position in which it may be placed ; it accommodates itself as gracefully to the tin cup of the child as to the golden goblet of the monarch. It never delays, and is never wearied in its work. What a model is there here for my imitation ! There are laws which I, too, must observe, if I would accomplish anything for my own good or

for the good of others, — laws of matter and of spirit; of body, mind, and heart; laws established by infinite wisdom and boundless love, no less than by absolute power. These laws let me study, and let me strive to conform to them in every thought and feeling, — in every word and action. My position in life may not be that which I should have chosen, if the privilege of choice had been given me. But it is the precise position which One who sees “the end from the beginning” saw to be the very best possible for me, with reference to all my interests. As such, then, let me cheerfully and thankfully accept it, assured that even the resources of infinite love could provide for me nothing better. Let my sole anxiety be how I can best fulfil its duties. Let me never hereafter yield to Procrastination, the “thief” that “steals year after year, till all are fled.” Let me never more sleep in the enchanted bowers of Indolence.

“Wake, ere the earth-born charm unnerve thee quite,  
And be thy thoughts to work Divine addressed;  
Do something, — do it soon, — with all thy might.  
An angel’s wing would droop if long at rest,  
And God himself, inactive, were no longer blest.

“Some high or humble enterprise of good  
Contemplate, till it shall possess thy mind,  
Become thy study, pastime, rest, and food,  
And kindle in thy heart a flame refined.  
Pray Heaven for firmness thy whole soul to bind  
To this thy purpose — to begin, pursue,  
With thoughts all fixed, and feelings purely kind ;  
Strength to complete, and with delight review,  
And grace to give the praise where all is ever due.”

But there is yet one lesson more. The particle of water, in its beneficent course through streamlet, brook, and river, is continually descending, till at last it is received by the ocean, and then seems to have lost the power of conferring any further benefits upon the land through which it has flowed. The great law of gravitation, which binds the universe together, appears to forbid its return. But no! By a mysterious process, it rises towards heaven, and, borne aloft, revisits mountain, and plain, and meadow! Thus it maintains that continual circuit upon which the fertility and beauty of the earth and the life of its inhabitants depend. So let it be with me. Whenever I find my strength declining in the

labors of earth, let me soar heavenward, in devout aspiration and earnest prayer. While living on the earth, and for the earth, let me still live above the earth. While hands and feet are busy in their sphere, let mind and heart ascend to that pure, blissful, and glorious region, where spring the fountains of all true power, as well as of all real peace and solid joy. There is a heathen fable of a giant who received new strength whenever he touched his mother Earth. The fable reversed, becomes for the heaven-born Christian a profound verity. Enfeebled by contact with the earth, he obtains new accessions of vigor only by rising, on wings of faith and prayer, to his native skies. Let me, then, strive to know, by blessed experience, the meaning of those words of the prophet;—"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings, as eagles; they shall run and not be weary, and they shall walk and not faint."

## THE EXILE.

BY MISS PHOEBE CAREY.

As one, who, wandering by that sea  
Where the wild heron may not dip,  
Finds fruit that lured him temptingly,  
But turns to ashes on his lip, —

So, whatsoever destiny  
To my unwilling lip has prest,  
Has been but ashes unto me,  
And life a burden of unrest.

And sometimes I have felt as one  
E'er with the elements at strife,  
Since wind and wave have borne me on  
From one who loved me more than life ;

One, in whose last and long embrace  
Was spoken such a world of woe ;  
One, the sad beauty of whose face  
Will haunt me wheresoe'er I go !

O waves ! that heaved me to and fro,  
O winds ! that shook your snowy spray,  
To bear me, o'er a track of woe,  
From her who holds my heart to-day ;

In pity for my bitter wail,  
Sent towards the fast-receding strand,  
Could ye not rouse one adverse gale,  
And drive me backward to the land !



## THE FORTUNATE ACCIDENT.

BY MRS. M. A. LIVERMORE.

NEVER was a marriage solemnized under happier auspices than that of Laura Clarkson and Henry Atwood. They had long been betrothed, although the bride had seen but eighteen summers. Their hearts were full of love for one another, and of bright anticipations of the cloudless future before them. They possessed riches, health, and personal comeliness; and, in their undisciplined and inexperienced hearts, thought earth a very Eden. Their bridal was one of pomp and display. Arrayed in satin and blonde, orange-flowers and lace, the queenly bride won the admiration of the two or three hundred guests assembled in her father's princely mansion to witness her nuptials; while a blaze of light shone through the lofty and pictured apartments, soft strains of music stole out on the listening air, mingled with the musical laugh of the young and gay, and fairy feet tripped lightly

through the mazy windings of the dance. It was an occasion of mirth and revelry, that, to some, seemed ill-suited to the solemnities of the marriage-hour, when two untried and inexperienced beings take upon themselves the weightiest responsibilities of mortal life.

The wedding ceremonies over, a bridal tour was performed, with all due regard to sight-seeing and the demands of fashion; and then the young couple returned to their city home, to settle down into the quietude of domestic life. They were soon domiciled in their own house, where every convenience, comfort, and luxury of life, surrounded them; and now, bound to each other by the golden and indissoluble ties of wedded love, commanding every means of rational enjoyment, — caressed by friends, cherished in the bosom of elegant and cultivated society, — what could prevent the realization of the dreams of happiness they had pictured, or could mar the almost perfect felicity they seemed to have attained?

For a few months, all the happiness of which they had ever dreamed was theirs. There was

unanimity in their interests, pursuits and enjoyments; a continual flow of kind feeling between them; a careful observance of the minute but affectionate attentions necessary to the happiness of married life; mutual forbearance was exercised, and mutual sacrifices performed. The love which had drawn them together was carefully guarded, lest any breath of coldness or estrangement might blow upon it.

But they seemed to forget how completely we ourselves shape the joy or sorrow of our coming years, and inweave bright or sombre hues into the warp of life; and soon began, like many others, to "hew out rugged paths for themselves," all the while "accusing their fate of cruelty." As constant intercourse produced familiarity, there sprang up a neglect of the thousand nameless attentions necessary to keep bright the flame of connubial love; they became indifferent as to pleasing each other, forgetful of the kind offices so dear to the heart, and, at times, wearied of each other's society, and desirous of other companionship. These evils being uncorrected, there gradually crept in a series of petty differences

between them, which led to sarcastic remark, to jeers and scoffs which were unpleasant, to bitter epithets, mutual recrimination, and, in the end, to bitter self-upbraiding and keen anguish. Unfortunately for Mr. and Mrs. Atwood, both were highly endued with pride; and this opposed a barrier to perfect reconciliation, whenever any little misunderstanding arose between them. The language of contrition and forgiveness was foreign to their tongues; and hence their slight differences were never healed by mutual concession, nor was their waning affection rekindled by asking and obtaining pardon of each other.

When once the seeds of discord are sown between two loving hearts, it is astonishing how rapidly they germinate, how rankly they flourish, and how deadly is the fruit they bear. Like the dragon's teeth sown by Cadmus, they spring up an armed host, ready for destruction. Mr. and Mrs. Atwood indulged in petty bickering and strife, in almost unimportant fault-finding, in irritation of feeling and manner, and thus prepared the way for more serious differences, and for weightier and more lasting contentions.

"Trifles light as air" were magnified into enormities; momentary ill-will was cherished, till it became settled dislike; peevishness indulged, till it became habitual fretfulness and ill-humor; retaliatory measures pursued, till it became an important aim in the life of each to disturb and harass the other; and, eventually, these causes combined, seemed to annihilate the once ardent love of the young husband and wife, and to render their wedded life intolerable.

Three years passed away, two of which were spent in wretchedness, that none dreamed of who beheld their seemingly happy and enviable lot; and then their affairs came to a crisis. There had been sullenness, silence, and smothered wrath, on the brows and in the hearts of each, for weeks, and both felt that this state of things could not longer be borne. They were sitting together, in the quiet of the evening; the mild light of the shaded lamp fell softly upon them and their differing employments. Their baby-daughter had been dismissed to her nurse and her bed, and was sleeping quietly; they were alone, unhappy, supremely wretched. The long,

painful silence was broken by Mr. Atwood. "Laura," he said, "we lead a miserable life together." The remark was, perhaps, intended as the prelude to a pacification; but it was not so understood, and was received ungraciously. "It is in our power to lead a different life," was the haughty and cold reply.

"How?"

"By separation."

"Do you desire it — prefer it?"

"I am far from objecting to it."

"Very well; you shall have your choice. We will separate."

"Thank you for the first favor I have received at your hands these two years!" and the eyes of Mrs. Atwood flashed defiance and indignation into those of her husband.

The next day witnessed the dissolution of their unhappy partnership. Mrs. Atwood, with her daughter, hardly a year old, returned to her father's house, while Mr. Atwood took rooms in a fashionable hotel, at a distant part of the city. The world, to whom the causes of this sundering were inexplicable, was astounded at the occur-

rence, and for more than "nine days" was the wonder discussed. The troubles and dissensions of the twain were but little known, even in the family circles of each, and hence had never been publicly gossiped abroad. The countenances, language, and movements of both were submitted to the closest scrutiny, that some inkling of the real state of affairs might be obtained; but both husband and wife were impenetrable, and gossip was left to blind guesses of the trouble. A shade of sadness was observable on the countenance of each; there was more reserve, and yet more of pride, in the manners of both; but beyond this the most penetrating could perceive no change in the outward demeanor of either party. Mrs. Atwood wholly gave up society, and devoted herself to her child, on whom the restrained and pent-up tenderness of her woman's nature was prodigally lavished; while the husband plunged into business, and so absorbed himself in mercantile pursuits as to have no thoughts for aught else. Both were seen in the sanctuary, and occasionally in the house of a friend; but they never met, and never spoke of each other.

And was all this external indifference real? and had they, who once loved so tenderly, utterly quenched in their hearts the last spark of affection? Had they succeeded in exorcising each other's memory from their bosoms? Did they never revert tenderly to the halcyon days of their early affection? Alas! alas! there came, at last, a lull to the storms of passion and strife that had wrecked their peace; and then memory and conscience became avenging furies, more terrible than the mythic Alecto. Tears of remorseful regret wet the pillow of the unhappy wife, who wore the semblance of content by day, as, in the silent, sleepless hours of the night, her wronged heart cried out bitterly against the injury she had inflicted on herself, and on him who was once dearer than self. At times, the agony of her spirit overwhelmed her; and it required the aid of all the pride she could summon to wear well the mask of indifference. The ghosts of dead joys were forever haunting her; the memory of harsh expressions and taunting remarks, which had slain her peace, was forever rankling in her bosom; and she sometimes longed



to fall on her husband's neck, and contritely ask his forgiveness and the return of his love. And sometimes, when thought chased sleep from his pillow, there came smiling to the bedside of the husband the image of his Laura, as she was in their happier days, loving, forbearing, tender, and good; and though he closed his eyes to shut out the vision, and turned uneasily on his couch, yet a sigh would come from his burdened heart, as he thought how different their lot might have been, had he borne with her failings more patiently, and extenuated them more fully, and cherished her with more affection. He yearned for the days of bliss that were ended for him, — for the love of wife and child, forever removed from him; — the one too widely estranged ever to be won; the other, a prattling, smiling innocent, that would grow up in ignorance of its father's care and affection. But of all this the world knew nothing, nor did even the most intimate friends of their lives; pride so well sustained them, in their outward bearing, that all were convinced that, whatever might have separated them, they would never be united.

Years wearied on, and the little Rosalie had attained her fifth year, when, without any apparent cause, while surrounded by affluence and comfort, the health of Mrs. Atwood began to fail. The color forsook her cheek, light fled her eye, and vigor her foot-step. Her friends became alarmed; for, though she complained of no suffering, and never spoke of the wasting away of her life, which was apparent to all, yet she sank away almost as rapidly as a snow-wreath in spring-time. By some, her decay was attributed to her nun-like seclusion from society; by others, to her devotion to her child; while yet others were sure that it was caused by an insidious pulmonary affection, that had dried the hidden springs of her existence. But the truth was not reached by any of these dim guesses; none succeeded in divining the wasting sorrows that had wrought such ravages in her being. Like the Spartan youth, she was falling a martyr to pride; and while remorse and grief were consuming her heart, she drew the mantle of her pride more closely about her, and hugged her tormentors to her bosom. With the lapse of years, all hope of

reunion with her husband had fled, if any had ever existed; and, steeled by the pride which was her predominant characteristic, and by what seemed her husband's total indifference to her, she resolved to suffer and die in silence. But so secretly and surely had her physical powers been attacked by the suffering within, that her life was fast failing; and, with grief and alarm, her friends summoned the most eminent medical men to her relief.

Among other remedial measures, change of air and scenery was recommended; and, therefore, accompanied by a relative and a servant, she was removed to a celebrated watering-place, not far distant. The little Rosalie also made one of the party; for the mother and child were inseparable, even for a few months. The journey was accomplished, and the fresh, bracing sea-breeze, with drives, baths, and occasional walks, soon partially renovated the health of the invalid. Her thoughts were diverted from their one gloomy channel, and she began to take pleasure in the gay scene around her, — the ever-shifting

and brilliant panorama of a fashionable watering-place.

One beautiful afternoon, when the sunlight was cresting with gold the dancing waters, when health and invigoration came on the wings of the clear air, Mrs. Atwood was lured forth by the beauty and serenity of the hour; and, taking the hand of her daughter in her own, she sauntered forth, without other attendance, for a walk. Most of the gay guests of the place were occupied at the time, — some in an afternoon *siesta*, some in drives on the distant beach, and others in reading or quiet employment in-doors, — so that her walk was undisturbed, and comparatively solitary. Guided by the wishes of her child, who led the way, and who was in quest of tiny shells she had seen in a particular spot, they walked on, till they came to a range of rocks, that, seamed, scarred, and riven as with some mighty convulsion of nature, lifted up their bold and rugged fronts against the angry waves of ocean, that came dashing against their everlasting bases, and then recoiling as in affright at the flinty barrier they had met. This wild ledge

sloped gradually down, till the rocky land lay level with the water's edge, at high tide, which it now happened to be. Guiding Rosalie by the hand, Mrs. Atwood walked slowly and carefully down the inclined plane formed by the sloping ledge, now stopping to watch the curling waves break far down beneath them, to listen to the roar, or to spy out the white wings of the distant vessels; to note the approach of steamers, by the wreaths of blue smoke that lay lazily on the atmosphere; or to watch the motions of a little boat not far distant, in which were seated three men, who seemed to be idly enjoying a sail, and the novelty of skimming over the restless waters. They came, at last, to the water's level, nearly opposite the boat, which, a little distant, had now tacked about towards the usual landing-place. Here the little girl spied the tiny and pretty shells she was seeking scattered around with pebbles and stones, and, with a cry of joy, set herself to gathering them. Mrs. Atwood's attention was, for the instant, diverted from her careless charge towards the graceful boat, that cleaved its way through the waves like a living thing, and

was shooting towards the landing, when the dancing, bounding child leaped forward, in her eagerness, a step too far, and, losing her balance, was precipitated headlong into the water. The mother darted forward to save her, but too late! and as she saw her earthly all disappear beneath the deep waves, she gave utterance to the agony of her mother's heart in a piercing cry of distress, that rang out wildly on the calm air; and then sank like yielding wax to the earth. The whole occurrence was but the work of an instant; but it had been observed from the neighboring hotel, and crowds of people ran down to the aid of the mother and the rescue of the child.

But help was nearer at hand. The men in the boat had also perceived the accident, and heard the mother's wild shriek; and, instantly veering their course, they hastened, with crowded sail, to the scene of danger. As they neared it, perceiving the child rise to the surface, and that the water was comparatively tranquil, one of the men, with the speed of thought, divested himself of the more cumbersome parts of his clothing, and, plunging into the water, cleaved his way to

the drowning child, with a sinewy and courageous arm. She had again risen, and was again sinking for the last time, when he reached her, and, diving, clutched her dress, and drawing her towards him, lifted her face above water. Then turning and breasting the waves more slowly and with exhaustion, he swam towards the boat advancing to meet him, when both were aided into it, and the tiny craft urged its way towards the shore with the utmost speed.

A large concourse of people, with blankets and restoratives, awaited their arrival; the mother was already cared for; and, conveying the child to the nearest house, and sending for a physician, they now applied the usual remedies for the resuscitation of the little innocent. The gentleman who had been mainly instrumental in the rescue of the child bent over it with womanly tenderness, refusing all offers of comfortable clothing, and disdaining to seek rest for himself while the life of the little one seemed precarious. Understanding better than any who had assembled what was necessary to be done, he wrapped the child in warm blankets, chafed its

hands and temples, sought to inflate its lungs with his own powerful breathing, and succeeded in restoring signs of life before the arrival of the physician. And when the little girl was fully recovered, and able to be conveyed to her mother's apartments, he resolutely refused all offers of aid, but, ordering a carriage, took her in his arms as tenderly as if she were his own child, and surrendered her only to the maid in her mother's dwelling.

Evening came, and Mrs. Atwood awoke from the last of a series of death-like swoons, in which she had lain since the accident, to find herself in her own apartments, and her child sleeping calmly and quietly beside her. In answer to her inquiries, the history of her child's rescue was made known to her, as, also, the interest and solicitude the stranger had manifested towards it. O, how her heart warmed with gratitude towards the savior of her darling Rosalie! She must see him, — she must pour out the fulness of her thankful heart into his ear; she must relieve her overladen spirit of its gratitude! She could not be dissuaded from her hastily formed purpose;



and, calling for her writing-desk, weak and excited as she was, and late as was the hour, she indited a warm and earnest note to the stranger, asking an immediate interview. The messenger shortly returned, with an answering note. As she almost expected, her request was politely and gently refused. "He had but performed a simple act of humanity," so ran the reply; "he had but performed his duty. If he had relieved a fellow-being of suffering, if he had added to another's happiness, it would cheer his hours of loneliness to remember it, and he asked no other reward." But Mrs. Atwood's heart was too much excited, too full of glad and thankful emotions, to be thus satisfied, and she wrote again:

"Mrs. Atwood asks pardon for her importunity, but she feels that it will be impossible for her to rest without seeing the deliverer of her child face to face, and thanking him for the infinite obligations he has conferred upon her. If it be possible, she begs that her request be granted. The favor will add greatly to her happiness, and is almost indispensable to her, in her present feeble and excited state."

A second time the messenger returned; but

not alone. A servant announced the arrival of the benefactor of the little Rosalie, and was desired to show him into Mrs. Atwood's parlor. Slowly, and with evident reluctance, he ascended to her room; the door was opened, and Mrs. Atwood rose to receive him. But why did she stand as if rooted to the floor? Why did her tongue become palsied, and the blood rush back to her heart like a torrent? It was her own husband stood before her! For a moment an oppressive and death-like silence reigned in the room, while Mrs. Atwood pressed her hand on her heart, to still its tumultuous and violent throbbings, which almost suffocated her. Mr. Atwood was the first to break the silence.

"I would have spared you this interview, Laura," he said, in a mild, sad voice; "but you would not be refused. I am happy that it was in my power to serve you to-day; and I thank God I was enabled to save the life of our child, as dear to me as to you. My presence is painful to you, as I foresaw it would be; and, therefore, with your permission, I will withdraw. Good-evening." And, bowing, he turned to leave.

But Mrs. Atwood sprang forward with vehemence, and clung to him convulsively. "Stay! stay!" was all she could utter; and, trembling like an aspen, she sank upon the sofa, and burying her face in its cushions, wept violently. For a moment Mr. Atwood stood irresolute. Pride and awakened affection were busy within, struggling for the mastery. But the long pent-up, defrauded love of his heart grew strongest, as he looked on his feeble, weeping wife; every other consideration was overpowered, and he sat down beside her. "Laura," he said, tenderly, and his voice trembled, and tears were in his eyes, "do we not yet love one another?" She made no reply, but, lifting her head from the cushions, buried her face in his bosom. "Can we not forgive one another, and bear with each other as we never have done, and be happy as we used to be? I have humbled myself to ask of you forgiveness; will you not grant it?"

With passionate earnestness, Mrs. Atwood raised her streaming face to her husband, and burst forth, with vehement energy,—"No, no, Henry! don't ask my forgiveness but forgive

*me! forgive me!*" and, clasping her hands prayerfully, she almost sank at his feet. "Forgive me, or I must die! I have done wrong; but see how I have expiated my wrong!" and she put back her hair from her pallid, sunken face, with her thin hand. "I have erred towards you; but see how I have atoned for it! They say I am consumptive; but oh, Henry, I am dying of sorrow! Forgive me, and love me, and I shall be again well and happy!"

The softened, subdued man folded his wife to his heart in a long embrace. "My poor Laura," he said, while tears rained from his face upon her cheek and brow, "you have been more sinned against than sinning! If Heaven spares my life, I will indeed atone for the grievous wrong I have done you!"

But Mrs. Atwood's weakness and excitement became so great that it was necessary to summon attendance, and, soon afterwards, medical skill. For a few weeks she tossed in the restless, burning delirium of nervous and brain fever: now piteously imploring aid to save her drowning daughter; now conjuring her husband to forgive

her, and receive her to his heart; sometimes bursting into frantic despair, as she fancied both were lost to her, and then as frantically abandoning herself to joy, as she believed them both her own. With prayers, and tears, and hope, Mr. Atwood watched beside her bed; and when she was pronounced beyond danger, his heart was filled with unparalleled gratitude.

Slowly she returned again to life and health; and when the bloom of the rose was again on her cheek, and the light of joy sparkled in her eye, amid the congratulations of friends, and the good wishes of acquaintances, the reunited couple once more set up their Penates, resolved never again to allow the bitter waters of strife to quench the fires of their rekindled affection.

## THE WILLIMANTIC.

BY MRS. E. A. LIVERMORE.

CLOSE at my feet runs the bright Willimantic,  
Now curving and winding along the green lea ;  
Now tripping demurely, now playfully antic,  
Now leaping and dancing in frolicsome glee.  
Now golden in sun-'ight,  
Now silver in moon-light,  
It catcheth from beauty, in passing, some gleam ;  
While it floweth right onward, the fair Willi-  
mantic,  
Ne'er lagging, nor weary, the beautiful stream.

Now bounding along by the side of a mountain,  
It turneth the ponderous wheel of a mill,  
Where it catcheth the gleam and the foam of a  
fountain, —  
Then through forests umbrageous it stealeth  
all still ;  
Its step is so noiseless,  
Its song is so voiceless

It waketh not even the bird from its dream ;  
While the trees that stand round it, the bright  
Willimantic,  
Bathe calmly their feet in its soft-flowing stream.

Fair flowers bend o'er it with sweetest caresses ;  
It smileth back fondly each blossom's embrace ;  
The amorous zephyr flits o'er, and professes  
Its love with the streamlet's bright, beautiful  
face ;

But the wooing of beauty  
Turns not from its duty,  
Nor wins it to stay in its pathway along ;  
So onward it floweth, the true Willimantic,  
Beguiling its journey with laughter and song.

O heart ! be thou taught by this stream of the  
meadow !

Let duty e'er guide thee, not pleasure or will ;  
Be thy way in the sun-light, or shadiest shadow,  
Press onward right bravely, sing cheerily still !  
Thou canst not be saddened,  
But only be gladdened,

When urging thy progress with brave heart and  
face;

For the wrestling with duty will give to thee  
beauty,

And fling o'er thy life-stream a luminous grace.



## JOTTINGS FROM A FOREIGN TOUR.

BY REV. A. B. MUZZEY.

JULY 21, 1843. — It was yesterday my precious privilege to visit that sublime work of God, Mount Vesuvius. A party of six, we left our hotel, in Naples, at half past one o'clock in the morning, in a carriage. At three we reached the post-house, where we exchanged our vehicle for ponies. Starting with them at half-past four, we rode through a lovely scene, where flowers and fruits regaled our senses, as we gently ascended the mountain for five miles. We came now to a hermitage, where the monks of a certain convent entertain all who ascend Vesuvius. From this point we continued our ride, until we were within half a mile of the summit. At a quarter before six we stood on the very edge of the crater. The last of our way, the foot journey, was less difficult than we had anticipated, as we had each a guide, furnished with a loose belt, by

clasping which in our hands, the walk was greatly facilitated.

The first impression produced by the volcano was, to my mind, perfectly overwhelming. Its detonations broke on the ear with a deep-toned and solemn uniformity. As far down as the eye could reach, we saw two mighty apertures, through which issued, with alternate eruptions, volumes of dense smoke and detached portions of burning lava. The beauty of the curling clouds, as they rose and formed one broad canopy above, was truly surpassing.

My companions remained on the edge of the crater, with one exception; and he, after descending perhaps one half the distance, abandoned the attempt. But I felt irresistibly disposed to press on, myself, as far down as any previous traveller had ventured. Accordingly, taking a guide, I commenced my downward walk. And yet, it could scarcely be called a *walk*, for I was soon compelled to use my hands, as well as my feet, clinging to crag after crag, as I leaped down the precipitous steeps. I soon came to a spot where smoke and a sulphurous vapor poured gushingly

forth. And now each step brought me nearer and nearer to the bottom of the yawning chasm. The rocks on which I stepped were first warm, then hot, until, at length, I could employ my hands no longer, except to guide a staff among the ledges and crevices that promised me any slight assistance.

Meantime, the sulphuric smoke increased so rapidly that I found it difficult to inhale the air. At one time, I thought this would compel me to return instantly; but, recovering my breath, I went slowly forward. And now the sound of the successive eruptions became almost deafening. The discharge of artillery does not compare with it, nor yet does the roll of the distant thunder. The reverberations seemed constantly to increase, — around, above, below, — peal upon peal. I went onward, however, until I reached a spot where fresh lava had lately fallen; and this seemed the very farthest that safety would permit me to go. My guide descended to the very borders of the cone, at the bottom of the crater, from which the red-hot lava was then bursting; but I besought him in a moment to

return. He had watched the falling lava, he said, formerly, and stamped coins in the pieces before they cooled. One of these, which he gave me, I have now in my possession.

No language can portray my sensations, as I looked up from this point. To feel myself so far below the earth's surface, was impressive; but to reflect, also, that I was standing in the very bosom of that tremendous agent, which had rushed forth so many times, and might, even at this moment, to lay waste fields, habitations, and whole cities, in its awful course, was completely overpowering. If terror be an element of the sublime, then I enjoyed, that hour, a truly sublime prospect. There was a sense of peril; and yet, so intense was the interest of the scene, that I was bound to it by a spell, and felt reluctant to retrace my steps, and to think I should never more stand within the mountain-high walls of the renowned Vesuvius.

The crater is usually silent, and only emits a dense smoke. But we were told that detonations had been heard for a fortnight before our visit. These increase, at certain times, in frequency

and power; at other periods, both the sound and smoke nearly cease; and in this way they give warning of the approach of a destructive eruption. Torre del Greco, a village at the base of the mountain, has been three times buried beneath the lava. A single edifice alone, it is said, escaped, in the last eruption.

We ascended on the side which is covered with the lava, as its points furnish a good foothold. But we came down on the ashes, — these yielding to our steps, and making the descent quite easy. The ages of the successive eruptions are clearly marked by the coloring of the several strata of lava, until you come to a point where its decay is productive of vegetation.

Our descent afforded several magnificent views. There lay the celebrated Torre del Greco; there, too, was Resina, built actually upon the city-top of the deeply-buried Herculaneum. And, richer than all, our eyes rested on the exquisitely beautiful Bay of Naples.

Vesuvius, on its summit, is craggy, sullen, and barren; but ere long, as you descend, you come to a few stunted vines; then follows a

better growth, — the mulberry, the luxuriant vine, and the golden apricot. Flowers of a thousand hues and of delicious perfumes accompany the traveller down to the base of the mountain.

After leaving Vesuvius, we visited, on our way back, the ruins of Pompeii. This city, at its first appearance, occasioned disappointment. It looked bare and bald, as we entered its walls. But this impression soon vanished. We saw the prison, where criminals were confined; it was below the ground, and there still remained the little orifice through which the sentence was made known to the prisoner. At the uncovering of the city, bones were found in one of these prisons, with chains attached to them. In some of the houses were small niches, in which the "household gods" had been placed. In "The House of the Fauns" is a fine Mosaic pavement, representing the Nile and its various animals. We saw, in the house of Sallust, another very rich pavement. Near the gate of the city were several tombs; and in one place an oven, in which, according to the Roman custom, the

bodies of the dead were burned. Near it was a tomb containing several urns for the ashes.

Pompeii, which was buried by an eruption of Vesuvius, A. D. 79, was a republican city, as appears by an inscription discovered on a tablet at its gate. Excavations are still going forward, forty men being employed, while we were there, by the King of Naples. A military guard followed us at every step, but I managed still to bring away several pieces of Mosaic work, pottery, &c., from the ruins. I took a fragment from a wine-jar, in the house of Diomedes. His house must have been splendid, judging from its long cellar, through which we walked.

Ten miles from Pompeii, and near the sea-shore, we found Herculaneum. This, being less remote from the volcano, was buried by lava at the same time the former city was overwhelmed by the ashes of Vesuvius. We descended eighty feet into the old theatre, which was very close, damp, and gloomy. Over this very building we rode along the streets of the present Resina. A very rich pavement was shown us in a house which is wholly excavated; and in another place

was a prison; and, still further on, an altar for heathen sacrifices.

In the museum at Naples are many relics, taken from these two cities, which make a visit to them much more interesting. I purchased there some lentils, taken in a *charred* state from Pompeii. We saw many fine paintings in fresco, a few of which were from the Temple of Isis. Here is the statue of Agrippina, who was sentenced to death by her son, Nero. There were also two or three heads of negroes, and among them a fine bust of Scipio Africanus, which indicated, to say the least, the average talent of our own race.

In one of the twelve rooms, we saw a Roman "Implumentum," which contained water that had been enclosed in it nearly two thousand years. There were several fine specimens of work in glass. Here, too, we witnessed the process by which the burnt papyrus has been unrolled and deciphered. We saw stamps used for printing the baker's name on his loaves. How near an approach was this to the art of printing! In the gallery of paintings is a splen-



did Madonna, by Raphael ; also, a fine " Danae," by Titian ; both, of course, original works.

In the library, we were shown a Greek MS., on papyrus, which was five hundred and sixty years old. The jewelry of the wife of Diomedes was elegant. Nor was the useful wanting ; for nearly all our culinary conveniences existed before the Christian era, and others, which must be ranked among " the lost arts." In the room of epitaphs, was one representing a bird ascending from the hand of a Psyche, giving evidence that the soul was believed, by some among the Romans, to rise, on the death of the body.

Thus have I presented the reader with a flying leaf from reminiscences of a tour whose full impression my pen can never record. Most happy shall I be, if these meagre inklings can stir his imagination to conceive what is, and ever must be, to so large an extent, wanting on the written page.

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LORD HAVE MERCY UPON US.

"LORD, HAVE MERCY UPON US."

BY MISS N. T. MUNI, F.

Prayer of the penitent, suffering, and weary,  
From thousands of spirits borne upward to  
heaven:  
From the roar of the ocean, the desert waste  
dreary,  
Where man's heart has grown numb, and his  
spirit has striven.

Prayer that is wrung from the crushed and heart-  
broken,  
Breathed out by lips that have never prayed  
before,

Wildly with tears and with utterance spoken,  
By souls lying low at the open door.

Deep in the dungeon where prisoners languish,  
Man doomed, though he wailing to suffer and die,  
His mercy they ask not, but wildly, with a sigh,  
"Have mercy on us, on Lord!" they cry.



**"LORD, HAVE MERCY UPON US."**

**BY MRS. N. T. MUNROE.**

PRAYER of the penitent, suffering, and weary,  
From thousands of spirits borne upward to  
heaven;  
From the roar of the ocean, the desert waste  
dreary,  
Where man's heart has grown faint, or his  
spirit has striven.

Prayer that is wrung from the crushed and heart-  
broken,  
Breathed out by lips that have ne'er prayed  
before,  
Wildly with tears and with agony spoken,  
By souls lying low at the Holy One's door.

Deep in the dungeons where criminals languish,  
Man-doomed, they lie waiting to suffer and die,  
*His* mercy they ask not, but wildly, with anguish,  
"Have mercy upon us, oh Lord!" is their cry.

Swift through the city the death-angel sweepeth ;  
At the breath of his coming man fadeth away ;  
Prayeth the watcher, as sadly she weepeth,  
"Have mercy, oh Lord, and thy messenger  
stay !"

Feeble and low is the voice of the dying,  
Closed are the eyes that will open no more ;  
List to the prayer of the pale one there lying, —  
"Have mercy, have mercy, oh Lord, I im-  
plore !"

Have mercy ! we ask it in sorrow and weeping,  
In storm and in tempest we lift up our cry ; —  
But we need it when pleasure high revel is  
keeping,  
When light beats the heart, and tearless the  
eye.

Have mercy ! in halls where the bright wine is  
flowing,  
Man tastes the first draught of temptation and  
sin ;

What reck's he? around him youth, beauty, are  
glowing, —

He offers his soul on the goblet's bright brim!

Have mercy! the path that the doomed one is  
treading

Grows dark with the shadows of madness and  
death;

He sinks in the snares that the tempter is  
spreading,

And in wild cries for mercy he yieldeth his  
breath!

Have mercy upon us! Thou hearest them ever,  
The cries and the pleadings we send to thy  
throne;

In vain and unheeded thy children pray never, —

We ask thee for mercy, and mercy is shown.



## "DOST THOU WELL TO BE ANGRY?"

BY HORACE GREELEY.

THE most searching trial of human virtue is that presented by the contemplation of triumphant vice. Two lads have grown up, from infancy, in the same neighborhood; have studied in the same schools, toiled in the same fields, shared in the same sports, and looked out on the great dim ocean of coming time with the same eager, hopeful, sanguine eyes. But manhood separates them; — the one wanders off, in fierce, unscrupulous pursuit of fame and fortune; he becomes a soldier, a chieftain, a ruler; and returns, perhaps, at forty, a man of mark and power, to be flattered, feasted, and almost deified; while the playmate and equal of his childhood, who has kept due on in the path of humble, unobtrusive usefulness throughout, lives unobserved and unconsidered, — a farmer, artisan, or pastor, in his native hamlet, with no higher

earthly hope than to see his children comfortably settled in life, and then close his eyes in peace with all men, and be borne to his final rest amid the respectful tears of the few who intimately knew him. The feverish dreams of his boyhood have long since vanished; he had ceased, years since, to look or hope for more than this, until the return of his more ambitious and adventurous playmate, covered with *éclat*, and surrounded by every outward symbol of success and exaltation. But these stir within him long-buried thoughts; they awaken unwonted impulses; they make his way of life seem poor and trivial; they provoke disparaging contrasts, and suggest the inquiry, "Why have *I* achieved so little, while *he* has acquired all?" The hardships, privations, and perils, of the conqueror's career, are all forgotten, with the thousands who, starting in the race of life abreast with him, have long since been struck down, and perished by the various mischances of the warrior's course. The one brilliant success is alone regarded; and the rustic contrasts with this his own uneventful, undistinguished life, and half unconsciously murmurs, "Is *this* the

reward of virtue? I have harmed no man, and wished harm to none; I have done what little good I might, in my humble sphere; yet I am nobody, while my old schoolmate, who has sought advancement and personal advantage, in utter disregard of others' well-being, — who has stood ready to kill or be killed, in any quarrel, just or unjust, which proffered him a chance for fame or promotion, — has thereby rendered himself the idol of the multitude, the cynosure of admiring eyes. What encouragement do these facts hold out for perseverance in virtue?"

Why, murmuring friend, what do you desire? You have virtuously refrained from setting your feet on the necks of your fellows; and do you repine that they do not cast themselves in the dust before you, and insist on being trampled? You have declined exaltation at the expense of your brethren; and are you chagrined that they do not force it upon you? Was your virtue, after all, but a cloak for your ambition? If not, and you have health, peace, competence, security, and are surrounded by those who appreciate and esteem you, what would you more? Is your

virtue so weak that it needs the cheers of the multitude to keep it in countenance? Will it exhale, if no one takes note of its excellence?

The truth is, that our current virtue lacks that quality of Divine patience which is the seal of true nobility of soul. We shall never be truly qualified to pity an unlucky sinner, until we shall have learned sincerely and heartily to pity a lucky one. Let a sea-captain turn pirate, and live a dozen years by plunder and murder, gorging his sensual appetites with every conceivable indulgence and excess,—and how few regard him with any feeling of compassion! But let him be caught, convicted, and sent to the gallows; and, at once, handkerchiefs are lifted, in token of regret to thousands of streaming eyes. Yet it is more deplorable to be a pirate than to be hanged. Nay, if a man were base enough to be a pirate, and there were no other way of checking his depraved inclination, he ought to thank any one who *would* hang him; and those who have most regard for him should unite in his expression of gratitude. It is not the termination of an evil course, but the persistence therein, which should be contemplated with alarm and sorrow.

The shallowness, the hollowness, of our virtue, is the main cause of our incompetency to deal adequately and satisfactorily with the great problem of crime and the treatment of criminals. Throughout the civilized world, crime increases with fearful rapidity. All see this; — the thoughtful are alarmed by it; but none who are heeded devise adequate remedies. The scale of retribution oscillates fearfully, from age to age, and from country to country; — now severity, now leniency, is the fashion; here thieves and counterfeiterers are put to death, and there assassins, nine times in ten, escape all legal punishment; yet the tendency to crime is in neither case arrested, nor even diminished. What shall we do?

The first requisite toward a more enlightened treatment of criminals is a clearer understanding of the nature and causes of crime. Never, while we fancy the criminal's career one of enjoyment, — of delights into which we, too, would gladly plunge, if we were sure of escaping the penalties denounced against transgression, — can we do anything effectual toward the reform of offenders,

or even the prevention of offences. The fires of lust and depravity may be superficially covered by denunciation and severity; but only to burn more intensely at the centre, and soon to break out in every direction. What the criminal needs is not to know that crime and vice are ultimately and terribly punished; he knows that already, and has decided to brave the future penalty for the sake of the present gratification. What he needs is the removal from his eyes of the deluding, distorting films which forbid his seeing the intrinsic, inseparable relation between vice and misery, crime and suffering. Never, while there shall seem to mingle one spice of envy of his enjoyment with our reprehension of the culprit's misdeeds, can we exert any moral influence in arresting his guilty course. The apostle of penitence and the policeman move in radically different orbits, and labor to radically different ends. The one makes converts; the other, convicts. If the earth were thickly covered with policemen, there might be fewer sins than at present, but no fewer sinners.

What the moral world imminently needs is a

clearer, more general radiation of that Divine compassion which found utterance in the gracious assurance and exhortation, "Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more." If we were but able to look on sin from the moral altitude of the Saviour, we should not loathe it less, but we should pity the sinner more. We should feel how fearful a load guilt is, and how almost impossible is the increase of that load by the superaddition of penalties. Here, for instance, is one who, impelled by passion, by lust, by avarice, or desperation, has imbrued his hands in the blood of a brother. Have we any true conception of the fearful thing it is *to be* such a criminal? If we have, the consideration of what shall be *done* to him, — what privation of life or liberty, what infliction of suffering or ignominy, shall be visited upon him, in consequence of his crime, — will seem quite secondary and trivial in comparison. The real question for us will be, "What can we do to awaken him to a full realization of his depravity, if he be not yet conscious of it? and by what means can we most probably, most efficiently, aid to cleanse him of

his guilt?" Society must, of course, look to its own security, and tranquillity also, — must shut the culprit up in a dungeon, or even take his life, if it seem impracticable otherwise to guard against a repetition of his crime, — but that has really nothing in common with the idea of punishment, any more than with that of reform. Of the three considerations, — public security, criminal reform, and punishment, — each is totally distinct from, and independent of, both the others. They may all be regarded together, or a sad necessity may seem to require the disregard of the second, in stern obedience to the urgent dictates of the first and last; but we may imprison for life, or even consign to instant, ignominious death, a culprit, without hating, or wishing to harm him. The safety of the community is not merely before, but above, all considerations of individual interest or immunity. A murderer may be put to death, in perfect consistency with the law of love, if it be morally certain that so only can he be restrained from future murders; but so may a maniac. It is not the nature nor the extent of the infliction, but the spirit which



impels to it, that determines his moral character, and stamps it justifiable or malevolent.

The criminal is hardened and confirmed in his evil course, by a conviction that the law-abiding are his enemies, hating, and seeking to crush him. To his distorted perception, it seems that he is engaged in a war, wherein the adverse host has so great a preponderance of strength and means, that he must resort to craft and stratagem, or be instantly destroyed. In this war, he must be Fabius, because he cannot afford to be Hannibal. If he is ever to be truly reformed, and not merely disarmed, he must first be made to feel that the righteous and loyal are the enemies of his vices and crimes only, and that, apart from them, they regard him with a profound sympathy and sorrow. He must feel that they seek to arrest his evil course, not merely to save their own goods from depredation, but also to save him from debasement and woe. He must feel that, while they resist him as a felon and a spoiler, they love him as a man and a brother.

The foundations of any comprehensive and successful effort for the abolition of crime, and

the reformation of the criminal, must be laid deeply and strongly in a spirit of sympathy for the guilty. Not unless we truly love and pity them, can we ever get near enough to their hearts to influence and transform them. But, if the great body of the reputable and loyal were profoundly conscious that the vicious deserve compassion, rather than hatred, — that they are victims of depraved influences, internal and external, — and that they are but what we, under like circumstances of birth, constitution, training, and temptation, might have been, — it need not, and would not, be difficult to win a great portion of them immediately, and nearly all ultimately, to the paths of pleasantness and peace. One-half the efforts and means now employed to protect society against the crimes of the evil-minded, would, if wisely employed in the right spirit, protect it far more efficiently, by curing nine-tenths of them of their depraved inclinations. Such is the Lesson of the Age; — shall it not be heard and heeded?

## PERGOLESI.

TRANSLATED BY REV. J. W. HANSON.

[Giovanni Battista Pergolesi (so named from his birth-place, Pergola, — whose real name was Giambattista Jesi) was one of the greatest musical composers the world ever saw. He flourished from 1707 to 1739. He was called by his countrymen the Raphael of music. Among his remarkable productions, his *Stabat Mater* is first. There is a tradition that he died on performing it in public. I have not translated the far-famed *Stabat*, as no English can do justice to the sublime beauty and melody of the original.]

Now the high task is completed,  
And the upright master, seated,  
Hymns his praises to God's throne;  
Heavenward billowy music marches,  
Through the dome's high, cloistered arches,  
Blending song and organ-tone.

Stabat mater dolorosa  
Juxta crucem lacrymosa,  
Dum pendebat filius,

Cujus animam gementem  
Contristatam ac delentem  
Per transivit gladius.

Thoughts of the God-mother's anguish  
Caused all hearts with grief to languish  
(Hear the organ grandly swell !);  
Yet each heart for grief atoning  
Must for its own guilt make moaning,  
As the sin-made tear-drops well.

Quis est homo, qui non fleret,  
Christi matrem si videret  
In tanto supplicio,  
Quis non posset contristari  
Piam matrem contemplari  
Dolentem cum filio.

Sacred trembling, holy rapture,  
Of the master's soul made capture, —  
Death's strange yearnings, earnest, mild;  
And with heart that did not falter,  
Looked he to the mystic altar  
Of the Virgin and her child.

Virgo, virginum praeclara,

Mihi jam non sis amara,

Fac me tecum plangere,

• Fac ut fortem Christi mortem

Passionis ego sortem

Et plagas recolere.

Hark! there came sweet seraph-singing

From the angel-choir down-ringing; —

Floated downward Forms of love;

Swiftly thronged they fast and faster,

By them borne, the mighty master

Floated with his song — ABOVE.

Fac me cruce custodiri,

Morte Christi praemuniri,

Confoveri gratia;

Quando corpus morietur,

Fac ut animae donetur

Paradisi gloria.

## A BRAZILIAN SKETCH.

BY GIDDINGS H. BALLOU.

"Stop!" I cried, to José, our guide, who, with his heels, was endeavoring to accelerate the pace of the cross-grained mule on which he led the way, in advance of myself and companion.

"Stop, José! No doubt the beast has a taste for the picturesque, like ourselves. Let your mule rest a few moments. Time enough before us yet; and, more than all that, the prospect in front of us is capable of moving even the soul of a donkey. Truly, Brazil is a great country, José!"

The clouded brow of the guide instantly relaxed its furrows.

*"Si senhor! Vossa merce tem razao. Brasil he muito bella terra!"*

I had touched the right chord. José had been once more on the point of venting a vehement objurgation upon our inexplicable propensity for

lingering by the way; but his patriotic vanity responded to the well-directed speech. José sat the very personification of good-humored resignation, while Colonel Roscoe joined in my admiration of the scenery before us. We were on the highest reach of the road, which, penetrating a pass of the Serra Rochêdo, sweeps downward into the valley of San Marcos. On every side rose and fell the luxuriant growth of tropic vegetation, mantling the deep valley with vivid and lovely tints, or rising, in fadeless verdure, height on height, to the tops of the distant mountains. Among many noble trees, — the slender palms, mocking the sky with their graceful plumes; the coral-trees, rich with glowing red, — the downy-leaved *embeaporbas* most especially attracted the gazer's eye; while unnumbered parasitic plants clung around the trunks, and spread themselves over the branches of supporting trees, adorning them with flowers of yellow, and deep scarlet, and purple, almost overpowering the sense of beauty by their gorgeous luxuriance. The cheerful notes of the birds, the balmy air, and the glowing sun above, served to harmonize all these

startling contrasts of color, and to fuse the whole landscape into one magnificent sensation.

I looked long and silently upon the scene, and, at length drawing from my bosom a sigh of exquisite pleasure, I withdrew my gaze, and turned on my companion.

"Well, my dear colonel, what see you there on which your eyes fix with such intensity?"

Looking at my companion more closely, I perceived that his eyes were wet with moisture. He pointed to a little hill which rose from the midst of the valley. Upon its summit stood the ruins of a church, or small convent, overgrown with moss and parasitic creepers.

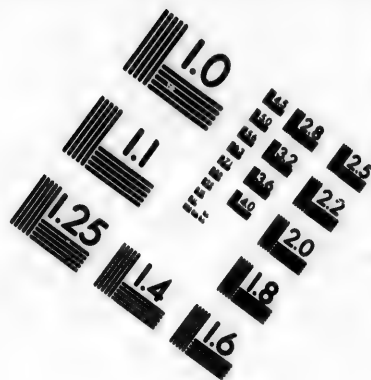
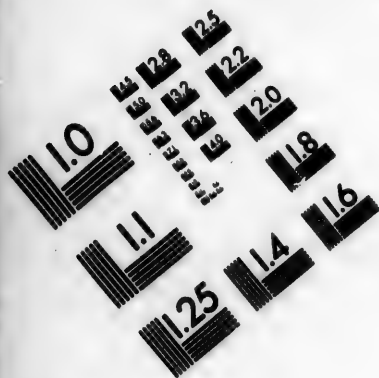
"Were you ever in our English Cumberland?" he inquired.

I shook my head.

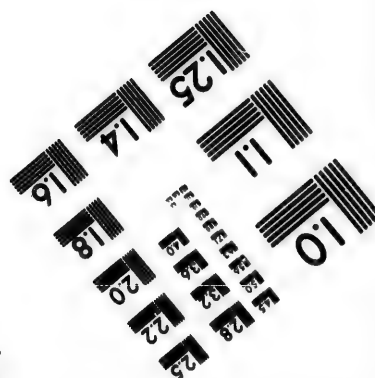
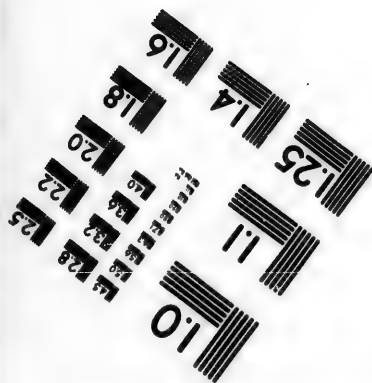
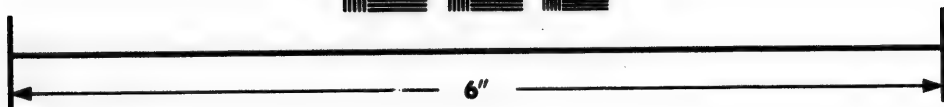
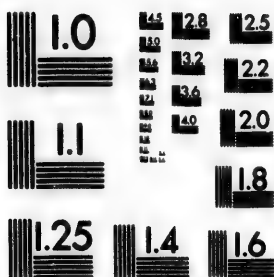
"I was born there," he continued;—"in the little village of Paxton. My father's house was at the foot of a hill on which stood the ruin of an ancient church; and, notwithstanding the different tint of the landscape around, yonder bit of ruin comes over me, for all the world, like the same spot that I used to look up to with such







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superstitious awe, when a child. Ay, I know one might laugh to see *me*, an adventurer without home or fortune, giving way to a sentimental recollection. But I tell you, friend, there is something in these old by-gones which will at times pour over the soul like a flood, obliterating for the nonce the strife of passion, the pride of our honors (alas! an empty and bootless gain!), and even the burning sense of disappointed hope, and the stings of bitter poverty. I have camped with the hardened soldier, and the veteran scorched and scarred by years of exposure and battle; and though seldom touched by these things, there are moments when they are more vulnerable than the beardless boy. Yes, every one must play the child at odd moments, and I care not to claim the meed of stoic immutability. But let us proceed on our way; for José is getting impatient; and, to tell the truth, a good supper and night's rest, at 'mine inn,' is not of so common occurrence in Brazil that we should look forward to the same with indifference."

My companion had termed himself an adventurer. It was a designation, however, which

Colonel Roscoe, last of all men, would have allowed to be entertained in an invidious sense. Jealous of reputation and personal honor, even to the point of punctilio, he was in character the farthest possible removed from the aspiring and rather loose-principled class, who are by this appellation most generally designated to English ears. One of the younger sons of a respectable but impoverished family, at an early age he left his native country, and, after various vicissitudes, entered the Buenos Ayrean service, where signal bravery, and some valuable instances of skill and sagacious conduct, raised him, in a short time, to the rank of colonel. A year or two elapsed, during which the jealous enmity of a poor-spirited but influential superior exposed him to such slight and ingenious contumely as could not be endured by a spirit like that of Roscoe. The latter resigned his commission, after endeavoring in vain to procure the proper redress, and went forth into the world again, a poor and almost friendless man, manfully determined to commence the world again as hopefully as he might. I had said almost friendless; but I may be

wrong ; for, with a few real and tried friends, why should he mourn the crowds of "summer swallows," usurpers of the name which should be ever sacred and intact? And Roscoe found a few who were ready to give a hearty appreciation to his worth and his sacrifices in the cause of the ingrates whose malice, worse than serpent-like, had turned its venom against the welfare of a brave brother-in-arms.

Colonel Roscoe had lately resided in Rio ; and happening to become acquainted with him about the time I was starting on a journey into the interior, I gladly accepted his proposal to accompany me on my excursion. I found him a gentleman, courteous and well accomplished, but occasionally disposed to a vein of misanthropic philosophy, easily to be accounted for by his too oft unhappy experiences.

The sun was gradually declining, when, descending the western slope of the Serra, we caught sight of the *estalagem*, or inn, of Senhor Gervasio, miles distant, at the opposite extreme of the valley. The rays of light glistened on the roof as on a mass of glittering gold, and José,

smacking his lips, in anticipation of a dish of *feijao*, urged his mule into a very respectable degree of speed.

"The inn, senhor, the inn!" he ejaculated. "The bravest inn in all Brazil. Good wine; and such *feijao*!"

An exclamation from Roscoe withdrew my attention from the enthusiastic José. As I followed the direction of my companion's finger, I saw a black cloud rapidly descending the steep of the lofty mountain on our right. Quickening our steeds, we pressed on, and, at a turn in the road, came upon a group composed of an oldish-looking cavalier, and a young lady, who might be his daughter, as I supposed, together with a low-looking fellow, who seemed to act in the capacity of servant, or guide. The cavalier was dressed in the antique garb which still holds ground in portions of the interior, and was in appearance a personification of my idea of the Spanish *hidalgo* of past time: somewhat stiff and dignified in carriage, and, doubtless, priding himself on a pedigree of good length, and as immaculate as it could well be when maintained

amid the wilds of Brazil. I noticed that he bore on the saddle, in front, a small mahogany box, toward which the servant, or guide (whichever he might be), occasionally turned a look of peculiar interest.

The daughter was one of the few Brazilian women who could be justly termed beautiful. But she would most surely have merited the appellation: features regular and delicately formed; the olive-tinted complexion, so clear and pure; the eyes rich and dark, and soft with womanly gentleness. Roscoe's features lighted up at sight of her lovely countenance; the shadow of melancholy fled away; and as the words of greeting were interchanged, and he entered into an easy chat with our companions, I could not help thinking that the colonel, with his handsome figure, and fine, soldierly bearing, was by no means ill-pleasing in the sight of Inez, as I overheard her termed by the cavalier.

The sun went down while we were yet a couple of miles distant from the inn. The clouds hung thick and dark overhead, and I shouted to José to hasten, when, all at once,



through the darkness, pushed some half-dozen mounted ruffians, and threw themselves upon the cavalier.

"Holy Mother! help! help!" shouted the senhorita, in an agony of fear.

There came a flash of lightning, at the instant, and I saw Roscoe ride bodily over one of the ruffians, — man, steed, and all, rolling over in the road. José was off on the first alarm. For the rest, I had the *sang froid* to prevent myself from following his example; and coming pretty close to one of the villains, I managed to fire off a pistol. My ideas being somewhat confused at the time, I can give no very clear account of the effect of my valor; but, in a second or two, up came Roscoe to the side of the cavalier.

"Well, senhor, the rascals have left us, it would seem. You are not much hurt, I hope; — and the senhorita?"

"She is safe, senhor; I give you many thanks for the timely aid you rendered us."

We hurried on as rapidly as possible, for the storm had burst upon us. On our arrival at the inn, we found the worthy José in full recital of

the attack made upon us by a troop of banditti, winding up with the bloody death which we must have suffered at their hands. Unfortunately, our appearance, "in viva persona," put a stop to his romance of the terrible, the finale of which was reversed by us into the enjoyment of a hearty supper and some very decent beds.

Rising pretty early next morn, I found the guide attending to the welfare of our equipage.

"Ah, José," I said, — "quite a narrow escape we had, last night!"

"Santissima Virgem!" he rejoined, lifting up his hands in a most edifying attempt at devoutness. "It is truly wonderful that we were not all murdered, senhor!"

"But the cavalier and his daughter, — do you know who they are?"

"Si senhor! I *do* know them. Don Pedro is rich; and his daughter! — half the young lords in the country are madly in love with her. A lucky man will he be who weds Donna Inez."

After breakfast, Roscoe and myself prepared to resume our journey; but the old don would not hear of the thing, and gave us a pressing invita-

tion to accompany him home. With little hesitation, we accepted the offer; and set out, in company with Don Pedro and his daughter, for their *chacara*, or country-house, situated among the hills to the northward.

It was near noon when we arrived at Don Pedro's estate. After a refreshing ablution, we joined the family at the table, and partook of a good dinner of soup, *carne secca* (or jerked beef), and *feijao*, yams, *farinha*, and a variety of fruits. Roscoe, with ready ease, attuned himself to our host, and descanted upon climates and soils, or satisfied a rural inquisitiveness by relating some of the scenes in which he himself had been an actor. We separated to the enjoyment of the siesta; but, after the rigor of the heat was over, sallied forth, with Don Pedro, to view the estate. Evening came, and we joined the merry circle of old and young, entering into the gay trifling of the youngsters with a hearty zest that seemed to carry us back once more to the years of our childhood. I could not help thinking that Donna Inez was particularly attracted toward my friend the colonel; and as I saw her dark eyes fill with

merry light, or soften with momentary sadness, I would have ventured my reputation for sagacity on the assertion that I had discovered in her countenance the signs of the "tender passion."

We were to proceed on our journey the following forenoon, and no persuasion could induce Roscoe to remain another day. I, myself, had certain reasons which made me averse to delay; but my companion was even more anxious to proceed than I was. I perceived the shadow which stole over the face of the fair Inez when we spoke of our departure, and this served to confirm me in my former conjecture.

At breakfast, Donna Inez was absent; and while wondering what had become of our fair friend, my attention was attracted by the behavior of the negro girl who was in waiting. She was evidently full of some matter of import, for every now and then she put her finger to her lips, and nodded her head toward Roscoe; and anon the wide-expanded mouth betokened the suppressed delight, born of some forth-coming communication. I observed her, on the first opportunity, whispering in the ear of the colonel,

whose heightened color put all my natural curiosity on the alert. But nothing occurred to make discovery of the subject in hand. After rising from table, Roscoe disappeared for a short time, and soon returning, commenced making preparations to resume our journey. Our good old host was evidently desirous of our longer sojourn; but perceiving that our resolution was fixed, made no further attempt to detain us.

The family assembled to give us a parting salute: Don Pedro and two roguish-eyed grand-nephews, with Inez, also, whose cheek, somewhat pale, joined to the pensive utterance of the soft "Adéus, senhores," made me instinctively turn a glance upon my fellow-traveller. I saw his countenance change; there was something in its look which I could not fully understand,—a latent gloom,—an expression of regret not wholly subjected to his habitual calmness of feature. We bade farewell to the old mansion and its hospitable possessors, whom we should, doubtless, never greet again, and rode rapidly away. The road, curving on the rise, opened to us a view of Don Pedro's mansion, with the dark

coffee-bushes spreading over the declivities beyond, contrasting strongly with the gay green of the sugar-canes. Indeed, the little rural picture formed no mean vignette to the gorgeous scenery which we were told lay further to the north, but which must, to us, for the present, at least, remain an unseen gallery of beauties. The colonel and myself had checked our steeds at the spot, and I was regretting the fortune which debarred my further inroad in a direction so promising of enjoyment, when my companion turned abruptly, and said, pointing to the pretty villa below, —

“There, comrade, it was, that fancy for a moment whispered me the thought of a rural life among the hills, with love and plenty for my companions, — far from the strifes of war and the disappointments of ambition. Alas! it was but for a moment! — the dream burst in thin air, like a boy’s soap-bubble.”

“But why should not the dream become a reality?” I asked. “Methinks the fair Inez —”

“Yes,” he said, half soliloquizing; “did I

think that she could have really loved me — but no! 'Twas a mere girlish fancy, — a *whim*. No! I will not give up my freedom of soul, and my hopes of lofty deed, for a soft face, and the companionship of a wax doll. Could she indeed have been what I would have her to be! — could hers have been the love of the soul, instead of a transient passion of the fancy! Well it is over! The rainbow is gone, and I am the same as ever."

"Do you address yourself to your fellow-traveller in the body, colonel?" I asked, "or to attendant spirits, unseen by common eye? If to *me*, I must confess myself at a loss to read the riddle of your converse."

Roscoe hesitated, — looking downward, as if somewhat ashamed of his partial disclosure. However, he presently replied, with a frankness which was but heightened by an air of embarrassment.

"Why, the fact is, my dear fellow, I do not mind making you a bit of a confidant in this matter, knowing, as I do, your own somewhat fanciful turn. To be short, then, the fair Inez

sent to me this morn a message, indicating the proffer of her hand and fortune. What think you of that?"

I was almost dumb with surprise, with which, indeed, was mingled no small portion of indignation.

"And you —?"

"I understand what you would say," he added, hastily, — "and I — refused the offer, like a fool as I was! Well it may be so, — it may be so. It is possible you are right. But I am ten years her senior; I am poor and homeless, and at the same time too proud to seize upon such a means of recruiting my shattered fortunes. And, then, how do I know that there is a soul, beneath those comely features, worth the sacrifice of a true man's heart? I tell you, friend, that I have sometimes thought that the old Arabian was near the right, when he averred that women had no souls. Pretty butterflies, — the triflers of a sunny hour, — for the most part engaged in gay gewgaws and fantastic nothings; born to seduce men's thoughts from what is high and noble; bringing them down to their own delusive



shallowness. There are exceptions, you say. True; but how many? Not one in a thousand. But when such an one *does* arise to cheer our hearts, she shines upon us as the sun upon the tempest-tossed mariner; and when her blest radiance disappears, our life is indeed a dark and dreary solitude."

There was a pathos in his last-spoken words, which disarmed the indignation I had felt on account of Roscoe's ungallant coldness. I recollected that in Rio I had been told, by an Englishman of Roscoe's acquaintance, that the latter had in early youth lost, by death, one to whom he was most warmly attached; and that the wound thus inflicted had never entirely healed. Nevertheless, I could but be offended somewhat at my friend's unreasonable demurs; for, if my judgment in physiognomy was good for anything, Donna Inez was as good and true-hearted as she was beautiful. It is true that her preference for the colonel had been signified in a manner entirely new to northern notions of propriety. But I was aware that such was a custom of the interior, and that a maiden was permitted thus to declare

herself to a stranger, without any disparagement to the requirements of virgin modesty. Certainly, nothing could be further removed from the appearance of forwardness than the retiring and even timid demeanor of Inez. I thought of all this, and inwardly anathematized blind Fortune, who had made my companion, instead of myself, the arbiter of so fair a future.

"They did right," I said, "to paint her with bandaged eyes; for has she not, in all times, conferred her favors on those unfitted to turn them to their proper advantage?"

On our return to Rio, Roscoe and myself took chambers in the Rua Direita. In about a fortnight, when we had become pretty well domiciliated, we received the honor of an invitation to an evening party at Donna Francesca d'Almarez'. Don Ricardo was in some way connected with government matters, while his lady (a lively and rather pretty woman, who had seen the world, and been at Paris) affected the reputation of a patroness of belles-lettres, and gave *soirees a la Parisienne*.

We chatted and interchanged repartees with

certain of our acquaintance, and had the pleasure of listening to some fashionable *modinhas*, whose only merit lay in the novelty and bold irregularity of their measure. Presently Donna Francesca approached.

"My dear colonel," she said, "let me introduce you and your 'fidus Achates' to the attraction of the evening; and then, if your hearts endure the trial scatheless, I will own that they are indeed unconquerable."

Resigning ourselves to the guidance of our hostess, we approached a corner of the apartment where a small group of damsels and gallants were gathered round a lady playing on the guitar. The instrument was touched with that most perfect feeling, the place of which not even the highest efforts of mere art can supply. We feared to advance, lest our presence might break the enchantment of sound; but Donna Francesca drew us forward till we entered the charmed circle. The fair musician, whose countenance had hitherto been averted, turned at our approach; — *Irsz!* — she started; turned pale; her lips parted, and she seemed about to fall,

when Roscoe sprang to her assistance; but, recovering herself at the instant, she repulsed him with the gesture of a princess, and then, with a proud smile, extending her hand, said, merely,

"Boa noite, senhor. *Eu tenho gosto de ver a vossa mercê segunda vez.*" (Good-even, senhor; I am delighted to meet you again.)

Roscoe gallantly responded; but I could detect a slight tremor in his voice. And here Donna Francesca laid her hand on my arm.

"What think you of the fine arts in Brazil?" she said. "Yonder is a picture by Fernandez, the best artist of the country. But it cannot be seen properly here. Come and criticize it; I will allow you to return presently."

The picture was a St. Sebastian, after the manner of the old Spanish school; and very well painted. I examined it with a proper display of connoisseurship.

"Most excellent!" I began; "and —"

"I am rejoiced to hear it," said Donna Francesca, looking back at the group we had just left. "By the way, it seems that you have met

my 'bella donna' before. Did you not remark the agitation she discovered, on perceiving your companion, the colonel? And he, also. Really, you must enlighten me. You know the curiosity of our sex, and surely will not let me suffer unnecessarily."

"Certainly not!" was my laughing reply.

A few words sufficed to relate the history of our acquaintance with the fair Inez, not omitting Roscoe's rejection of the favorable opportunity placed before him. Donna Francesca was indignant at his foolish philosophy, as she termed it.

"But then," she continued, smiling, "you people of the north are so cold-blooded! One would think that you never allowed yourselves to love except by premeditation, and according to the rules laid down in the best authors. But as for the affair in consideration, mark my words; when I tell you that, in less than three months from the present date, you will be summoned to the marriage festival of this disconsolate philosopher; and if the lovely Inez do not mould him into one of the most submissive of husbands, then am I much mistaken."

"You prophesy boldly, Donna Francesca; but

we all know the magic of beauty and woman's will," I replied, bowing low; "therefore I shall not dare dispute your predictions."

It was well that I did not; for within the time appointed, Colonel Roscoe led Donna Inez to the altar. Not long after their marriage, I learned that he had received, through a secret agent of Buenos Ayres, the offer of a generalship and £2000 a year. But the colonel had already drank deep of the bitter waters of ambition; and if anything else were wanting to determine him, the entreaties and tears of Inez were sufficient. He rejected the allurements of honor, and gave himself henceforth to the enjoyment of domestic life. The last week of my sojourn in Brazil was mostly spent with Roscoe and Donna Inez, at Botafogo; and if ever I saw an embodiment of poetic felicity, it was at the home of Colonel Roscoe.

After leaving the country, I received several letters from him. In his very last, occurred the following words:

"My presumptuous ideal (as you were pleased, with truth, to term it) is fully satisfied. My Inez is *one of the exceptions!*"

SONNET.

With white wings spread, she bounded o'er the  
deep,

Home from the tossings of a stormy sea,  
Where waves had yawned, and winds howled  
fearfully ;

And where the harbor's waters seemed to sleep  
In breezeless calm, and deep, untroubled rest,  
She glided in, furling her weary wing,  
Dropping her anchor down, and, like a living  
thing,

Settling securely on the water's breast.

So, oh my God ! from the rough sea of life,

Driven by doubt, and fear, and haggard care,

Let me my worn and weary spirit bear

Far from its rage, and noise, and stormy strife,

Into the haven of thy sheltering love,

And find an anchorage no storm can move !

M. A. L.

## THE HEART-CHAMBER.

BY REV. HENRY BACON.

I HAVE a chamber in my heart,  
A little antique room ;  
Sometimes 't is filled with golden light, —  
There richest roses bloom.

'T is hung around with pictures dear,  
By Memory's pencil drawn ; —  
Here is a cottage by a brook,  
And there a spreading lawn.

Here is the church upon the hill, —  
And see the grave-yard near !  
O, could you see that small white stone,  
You would not chide my tear !

This is a lovely moonlight scene, —  
How quiet is the lake !  
As tranquil as the infant soul,  
Ere yet the passions wake.



You will not care to look on these, —  
I will not lift the veil ; —  
But here is one ; come, sit you down,  
And let me tell the tale.

A tomb, — a mourner, — city streets, —  
The "Old North," with its chime, —  
And over all, the deep blue sky ;  
The summer is the time.

"How calm," you say, "that thoughtful face,  
As there he holds a flower !"  
Just so the eye, the lip, the cheek,  
That awful midnight hour !

God took the first-born of his home,  
A little graceful girl, —  
The image of a loving thought,  
Carved out in purest pearl.

Think not he standest there in grief,  
As though she slept beneath ;  
He thinks but of the mortal robe,  
A faded festal wreath.

The wreath is faded, — yet that time  
Is still to memory given;  
The robe is dust, — the spirit lives  
In love's divinest heaven.

O, if *one* chamber of a heart  
Such hallowed things can show,  
How sacred would that heart become,  
Could we its history know!

## IMPRESSIONS OF A BI-CENTENNIAL DAY.

BY REV. J. G. ADAMS.

Then, grateful, we to them will pay  
The debt of fame we owe,  
Who planted here the tree of life,  
Two hundred years ago. — FLINT.

DID the reader ever witness and enjoy a Bi-Centennial celebration, such as not a few of our New England towns have indulged in, within the last thirty years? If so, the thoughts to which we here give utterance may strike certain sympathetic chords within him, somewhat to his edification. If he is not edified, however, will he pass charitably on to the next article? This one we shall write because we feel inspired to, having been a gratified partaker of the interests of the occasion here noted.

It is the morning of a day which completes two hundred years since the first settlement of one of our thriving little towns, not far from the world-famed "Boston, in New England," — a

morning long waited for by many an expectant soul; a morning in strange contrast with certain other mornings, which looked upon the opening scene of the coming of the earliest New Englanders here, when the first ground was broken, and the first cheering strokes of the mallet of civilization were heard echoing on the river shores, while the thick wilderness around was budding in its solitude, in the genial atmosphere of spring. Those mornings we can only imagine. They were mornings of prayer and hope, of anxiety and toil, to the fathers and mothers of our pilgrim town. They were certainly not like this morning.

It is a morning of Nature's own, in her light and loveliness; such a morning as we had little cause previously to hope for. Many of the preceding days had been cloudy, dull, unpropitious; and late into the night preceding this day of days there hung a leaden pall over us, and ere the peep of day-light there was the sound of an abundance of rain. Dubious, indeed, to the expectants aforesaid, in view of all the preparations; and more especially to that indispensable

combination of body and soul, in reference to all such times and seasons, the "Committee of Arrangements." They had arranged nearly all things pertaining to the celebration but the weather. That was under a wiser direction than theirs. They could only hope and trust; and their highest hopes are answered. Never broke there from behind the dripping rain-clouds a sky of clearer blue, a sunrising of more golden splendor. The wind, for many days past from the cold east, has veered round to a soft south-west, and the very air breathes out benedictions. Such a call to joy is answered from every habitation, and from every heart. The streets are filled with life; flags and streamers are run skyward, and the thundering cannon, and rich, full music-strains, welcome in the day. Hearts are leaping in exultation; the young, the old, the staid, the volatile, all have one common feeling of satisfaction and delight.

The day advances. Crowds are coming in, on every hand. There is no hindrance to their assembling. Nature's invitation is most readily understood, and it will not fail to bring the

multitude. Civic, military, musical, secular (for the New England pedler has looked out and taken his ground here), all are represented. At ten, the procession comes, with its plumed escort, its gay marshals, its thrilling bands pouring out their bi-centennial harmony, and making the heart keep quicker time than any feet that move in this great company. All grades of honored ones are here, — chief magistrates, legislators; all the professions, representatives of various respectable institutions. The fireman's glazed cap and red shirt, the Free-mason's golden apron, the Odd-fellow's beautiful regalia, seem brighter and more glowing for this full sunlight. The soberest citizen or stranger wears an expression of welcome on his face. One group seems to me the most attractive of all. It is that of the aged ones of the town, seated together in carriages provided for their accommodation. We cannot see them thus again. They pass us as the aged of other days passed away here in the great procession of all the living, to the greater congregation of the dead. Among this group are those whose young hearts partook of the anxious thoughts awakened

in our revolutionary struggle; who saw and heard the strife on that famed mount near by, where the granite column points to the heavens. One is a venerable minister, long enjoying the respect of his people here, but now resting, in the infirmity of age, from his pastoral labors. There is also an aged matron, verging towards her hundredth year, with eyesight and memory keen, and full of recollections of the long and wonderful past. She remembers the old times of simplicity, when, contrary to present fashions, the mothers and daughters wore their checked aprons, to the village church, and the good parson his muff, in winter weather. She has lived to note another day, and to mingle in other and very different scenes. The boys are in this procession, as full of the present as any others here to-day, though not one of the youngest of them, in all probability, will look with mortal eyes on the next centennial procession in these streets. But the train enters the field, and surrounds the rough rock, on which, tradition says, once hung the church bell, and near where the first old church stood. On this rock, duly platformed and deco-

rated, stand the orator and poet of the day, both worthy natives of the town. They speak their earnest words to listening and rapt auditors; they call up holiest associations; they awaken emotions which words alone cannot utter. They consult the dim past, brightening its outlines, and filling them up with happy creations and realities; they bring that past near to the present; they invoke Heaven's light and mercy for the future. There seems but one soul in all the congregation. Prayer goes up from the appointed chaplain of the day, — a prayer such as the old New England fathers would have responded to, — such as does honor to the Puritan name. Select and most appropriate words of the Scriptures are spoken, and hymns of praise chanted, in full and swelling chorus, on that sacred ground. The benediction comes, and then the movement of the procession to the feast, in the great pavilion. The tables are filled, and so are the mouths of the sanguine celebrationists seated around them. Then follow speeches, songs, musical interludes from the bands; toasts and sentiments uttered in earnestness, and often



eloquently responded to, — toasts and sentiments drank not in bacchanalian wine, that hath so often been deemed a “positive institution” at all feasts, but in clear, cold, and sparkling New England water, — a feature of the festival marking most emphatically the day in which we live. Speech, toast, and song, are at length cut off by the sunset salute from the deep-throated cannon near by, and the multitude adjourn *for one hundred years!* How we should like to look on that adjourned meeting, and see the faces, and hear the names called, and the allusions to the past made, and note some of the differences which a century will have effected! But we know not, perhaps, what we are desiring.

The evening comes; and such an evening, too! — so singularly in contrast with the day. Dark, heavy clouds set in all around us, yet without wind or rain; so that when the fire-works and illuminations begin, the scene is one of surpassing attractiveness. Every dwelling seems like a house of burning gold; and arch, and spire, and staff, and tree, hung with fire, flash out their rays upon that night's thick darkness.

In the midst of the village is a glassy pond, in which the illuminations are reflected; and in the centre of this beautiful sheet of water there floats, at the close of the evening, a raft of blazing wood and tar. The fire-works and illuminations present a scene never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. There may be more light on the evening of that adjourned meeting already alluded to; but there will be no more of beauty, unless the aurora borealis itself comes out in the scene, — no more magnificent and imposing contrast of darkness and of fire. It would seem, too, that such a back-ground as that given us this night is only spread out about once in a century. So the day closes in social mirth, and music, and song; and ere midnight comes, that loud and prolonged voice of celebration is hushed, to be awakened by these multitudes no more.

And how shall the day be remembered by them? We need not ask how many will bear it in mind chiefly as a day of light, and music, and noise, and merrymaking, from its early dawn to the last twinkling of its illuminations in the midst of that dark drapery which the heavens

hung down around us. They will think of the day, rather than of the times and events it was used to proclaim and to honor; for thus, and thus only, do many celebrate these remarkable days, keep these extraordinary festivals. But not in this direction wholly would we have our musings run. While, wearied with excess of enjoyment, the throngs separate and go to their rest, with the living realities of the day floating most vividly in their imaginations, and following them into their deepest slumbers, let us improve the occasion, ere the day is utterly gone, to note its teachings. They may not be so near us again. We may not soon be in so favorable a frame of mind to listen and give heed to them.

How emphatically speaks to us, this hour, the great truth of human change! This always comes to us when any such contrasts are called up of the present with the long or distant past, in which we read the frailty of man, with all his boasted greatness, and the enduring nature of that vast government, which, with undisturbed majesty, moves continually on, under the guidance of Him whose ways are everlasting. At

whatever point we take our stand ; at whatever observance of time, — be it annual, centennial, or at the ending of the thousand years to man, which are with God but as one day, — we behold, as we survey the past, the solemn and striking manifestations of steady, inevitable change, in all that pertains to mortal being and to mortal destiny. We ask for ancient Egypt, in her greatness and splendor ; for Babylon, Nineveh, Palmyra, Rome, Carthage. Their greatness and splendor were the admiration of the world. But the ocean waves of time have swept them away ; and either desolation reigns on the very ground of their high places, or other voices there speak, and other hearts beat with human emotions.

On our own shores, what changes have been wrought by time ! As the historic panorama passes before us, we see the wilderness inhabited by the red men, its barbarian proprietors, and their astonishment at the approach of the heralds of civilization, and their decline before them towards the setting sun, where, on the Pacific shore, they are again met with new multitudes

of the race who have outgrown them. And now, where the council-fire gleamed, and the chase was followed, and the Indian war-whoop rang, fanes and monuments arise, and the hum of industry goes up from morn till evening, and the smoking steamer ploughs its way through the mighty rivers, and the thundering train sends its echoes through valleys and over thousand hills, in every section of our glorious land.

And what change this new nation has seen! How different the interests, pursuits, the enterprise and means of enterprise, now, from what they were one century, or half a century, since! At the first settlement of our own neighborhood, the limits of population seemed to be set by these hills near us, and stretching away into our neighboring towns. But they could no more stay this tide than could sands the running of the stream over them, or pebbles the washing of the sea-waves upon the shore. It breaks over every barrier, and will roll its floods through the deserts, and cover the whole land. And who shall calculate the future? Our population doubling in a little more than twenty years — a

population now in the neighborhood of twenty millions; in sixteen years from this, to be thirty-six millions; in twenty-three years from that, seventy-two millions; in less than one hundred years, two hundred and eighty-eight millions of our race! We are lost in the calculation of changes, as we are amazed in that of numbers. And in the midst of such changes shall we pass away. We speak the experience of human nature, and memory tells us it is true. But yesterday, our ancestors were walking forth, in the vigor of life and youth. Now, they are beneath the dust; and we seek out their graves, to wonder why they passed so soon away, and to read our own destiny. So shall we lie down, to wake no more to mortal being here, but to leave our homes to those who come after us, and our tombs to their protection and blessing.

As we reflect on these earthly mutations, it is good — and how good no human language can describe — to think that there is One to whom all this change is but an instrumentality, in his own hand, of mercy and righteousness with his children; that he is “without variableness or

shadow of turning;" and will ever remain, as he was in the beginning, their Helper, Preserver, and Friend. How such truth tends to give us strength of vision, and stability of purpose, and faith, and hope, and gratitude, and love, as we gaze back upon the wondrous past, or seek to penetrate the yet undeveloped future! Man is born, and lives, and dies, and is buried; and, though forgotten by his fellow-men, yet is he not by Him who called him forth from naught, to be, to suffer, and enjoy. No ages can be long enough to obliterate him from the Divine memory,—that mind to which the present, past, or future, is eternal now. Here is great light, as these shadows of human mutation pass over us. Thanks for it!—thanks to its inexhaustible Source!

Another thought, now pressing upon us, is that of our indebtedness to the past,—to its agencies, powers, and accomplishments. Often are we chargeable with the sin of forgetfulness, in this respect. We do not properly regard our dependence on what the past has achieved for us in the mental and moral conceptions, in the wills

and deeds, of those who have gone before. We too frequently and generally think and act, in reference to all our gifts and advantages, as though we were the first finders of them all; that, although we were to hand them down to others, we were not obliged to believe or understand that others had handed them down to us. Like the reckless spendthrift of an estate left him by his father, who, in his eagerness to enjoy the present gratifications to which this wealth may minister, forgets the hard toilings and close calculations of his parent to accumulate this very fortune, so are we, too often, in our lavish expenditure of the many temporal means, and disregard of the improvement of the moral means, left us by our fathers, liable to forget their toilings and their prayers for the good of their descendants. This should not be. Shame on the son who will forget his parentage! on the child who will fail to honor the beings who gave him life! on the people who are too stupid, or selfish, or indifferent, or worldly, to pause, at times, in the midst of life's way, to ask what other hands have contributed to the means now



enabling them to keep this way in strength, and safety, and peace! Such a time has just come. Let us not be heedless as it passes, but let us learn its lessons well. We are debtors to the past, — debtors to the generations who have gone before. They lived and wrought for us, while as yet we were not. Humble men and women, whose faces we should not know, had they been present with us to-day, — whose voices we should not have recognized, had they been raised in our hearing, — whose places were filled, and well filled, according to the bestowments of a good God upon them, — have lived, and made effort, and secured blessings for us, to whom we owe everlasting obligations, and for whose works, amidst all our onward movements, and new lights and acquirements, we may thank God evermore.

In our intellectual and moral strifes and attainments, this same kind of error, against which we are speaking, is manifest. We are too prone, at times, especially in this day of invention, and discovery, and progress, and improvement on the past, to undervalue what this same past has actually done. The real gold of our ancestors

too often loses its value, in comparison with our more recent coin. We are apt to think that we have just found out a way, that was cast up, in part, by others of the past, who have really aided us in rendering it more available and nearer perfect. Some of our reformatory radicalism may learn a lesson here. While it would not carry the stone in one end of the bag to mill, as our ancestors did, instead of dividing the portion of grain therein, it need not forget that there was actual grain carried by these old fathers, and that, notwithstanding this want of philosophy in conveying it, they understood the use of the thing itself quite as well as we. Well is it to remember, then, our indebtedness to the past; our obligations to those who have, by their preparatory deeds, given us advantages and blessings which, without them, we could not have known. We should have the right reverence for that which has been, that we do justice to noble virtues, and secure reverence for ourselves in the hearts of those who may succeed us in the work of life. For with what measure we mete, in our memories of the past, and in our justice to what

it has effected, it shall be measured to us again. Others will sit in judgment on our characters and deeds; and as we would that they should give us our just dues, let us see that this same dealing in the right is observed in our judgment concerning those who have preceded us.

But then, while we would speak thus reverently of the claims of the past upon us, and of our duty to our ancestors, we would by no means disregard another consideration, suggested by the occasion just now passed; and that is, the duty of rightly discriminating between the past and the present, that we may the better learn our greater work than that which devolved upon our fathers. There is a tendency and habit, in some men, to see greater good in the past than they see now; — times, then, such as can never be realized again; people, then, who have not true representatives at the present hour. Sidney Smith, in some of his writings, speaks most pointedly of this error: — “Our wise ancestors, — the wisdom of our ancestors, — the wisdom of ages, — venerable antiquity, — wisdom of old times. All this cant about our ancestors is

merely an abuse of words, by transferring phrases of true contemporary men to succeeding ages. Whereas, of living men, the oldest has, *cæteris paribus*, the most experience; of generations, the oldest has, *cæteris paribus*, the least experience. We are not disputing with our ancestors the palm of talent, in which they may or may not be our superiors, but the palm of experience, in which it is utterly impossible they can be our superiors. We cannot, of course, be supposed to maintain that our ancestors wanted wisdom, or that they were necessarily mistaken in their institutions, because their means of information were more limited than ours. But we do confidently maintain, that when we find it expedient to change anything which our ancestors have enacted, we are the experienced persons, and not they. The quantity of talent is always varying in any great nation. To say that we are more or less able than our ancestors, is an assertion that requires to be explained. If you say that our ancestors were wiser than we, mention your date and your year. If the splendor of names is equal, are the circumstances the same? If the

circumstances are the same, we have a superiority of experience, of which the difference between the two periods is the measure. It is necessary to insist upon this."

This is just reasoning. Though we are indebted to the past, this fact need not render us blind to the wants, the deficiencies, the failings, of this past, and to our own positive advantages above it, in many respects. At least, we should be careful that, in our veneration for our fathers and mothers, we do not venerate their errors, as well as their virtues,—that we do not keep their prejudices and wrong habits among the remembrances of their good fame. We should be careful that the cry of innovation do not keep us back from improving on many of the very deeds which our ancestors have done, and of correcting certain wrong habits into which they may have fallen. Errors in social life, religious superstitions and opinions, political prejudices, are not to be held and honored by us because they were held and honored by them. What if the opinion, prejudice, or habit, did belong to them? So did certain uncomely garments and inconvenient

modes of dress. We should laugh at ourselves for thinking to adopt these at the present hour. No, no! such respect, such attraction to the wrong of the past, we need not possess. We must live, see, note, judge, adopt, or discard, for ourselves. What of the past we find wrong, that must we declare wrong, that those who succeed us may have the benefit of our experience, decision, and example. No squeamishness, no faltering, because our ancestors, who are dead, may be dishonored in our new opinions or practices. If, in their spiritual estate, they have higher discernment than we, and know of our improvement on what they have done, they will give praise to God that his truth has such advancement and obedience in their children. "New occasions seek new duties;" new experiences bring us into loftier regions of observation. We are standing higher up, in not a few respects, than our fathers stood. Only let us see to it that we use our eyesight as well as they used theirs, and make as good a report to posterity as they, with their means and opportunities, have sent down to us.

One other consideration let us just name, —

that is, the endurance of whatsoever is good and true, through all the ages of human history. Material substances may change and dissolve; the heavens may "wax old as doth a garment;" but that which is spiritual, like God himself, shall not thus give signs of decay. Mind partakes of the eternity of its source. Thoughts, truths, emotions, once given to the world, are not lost, — cannot be. They exist and perform their duty, a thousand years after their origin, as they did on the day of their birth. They pulsate through the hearts of all succeeding generations. All that is noble in the world's past history, the influences of the great and the good, somehow endure. They outlive the changes of geographical names, the shifting boundaries of earthly dominion; they are unaffected by the advancing or receding waves of population. History is the past experience of our nature; and this, like the life of the individual, consists in ideas and sentiments, deeds and passions, truths and errors. We need to have saved for us the good thoughts of the past; and we have reason for thanksgiving that so many of them survive, for our instruction, and

strength, and truest glory and renown. What shall we do to add to such influences, that the generations to come may have the blessing of them, — that they may add their interest to this moral principal we shall bequeath to them, and so increase the truest wealth of the future?

The future! One century more of it, and what shall this future bring forth? At the time of another centennial day, what work shall have been effected that shall bring the world nearer its deliverance from the evils now besetting it, and introduce man more truly to himself and to the great God who made him? Shall human hatreds have given place to love? Shall Slavery's day be ended, and old War be buried beneath the sod, with all his banners of blood, and the fields be tilled with the implements of his destruction? Then, oh then, shall the words of the poet's prophecy be fulfilled, fraught, as we must believe them to be, with the living truth of Heaven, — when the record of the then present, for a still coming future, may be thus gloriously written:



“Through vine-wreathed cups, with wine once red,  
The lights on brimming crystal fell,  
Drawn, sparkling, from the rivulet head,  
And mossy well.

“Through prison-walls, like heaven-sent hope,  
Fresh breezes blew, and sunbeams strayed,  
And with the idle gallows-rope  
The young child played ! ”

When the old and the new shall form such combinations as we have not yet the power to effect, and the cherished errors, which we now deem too consecrated by long usage to be set aside, are regarded, by those who shall be wiser in such things than we, as we ourselves now look upon the condemned and discarded errors of our predecessors here.

But these meditations must end. Our Bicentennial will be numbered with the past. Bright and beautiful day, farewell ! Move on in the mysterious and mighty procession of all days of human history ! If thy scenes are reflected to other intelligences, of whom we know not, may they be seen to our honor, and not to our shame !

134 IMPRESSIONS OF A BI-CENTENNIAL DAY.

May the lessons thou hast given induce us to  
hold with stronger grasp the blessings we enjoy,  
and pass them down, with pure and steady  
hands, to posterity !

## LA PUEBLA DE LOS ANGELOS.

BY MRS. M. A. LIVERMORE.

["We explored the cathedral, of which mortals had built the walls, and which angels had capped with a mighty dome, of a symmetry and perfection in stonework unequalled by human builders. In gratitude to the supernatural architects, the city has since been called 'LA PUEBLA DE LOS ANGELOS.'"]

DEEP they laid the strong foundations,  
High the massive walls upreared,  
And the tall and sculptured columns  
Marble forest-trees appeared.  
Out from these the groined arches  
Sprang in grace and strength o'erhead;  
And a high and vaulted ceiling  
Gave the heart a sense of dread,  
Stretching dim above the head.

Then they built the lofty altar,  
Whence the incense-flame might rise;  
Here the holy cross was planted,  
For the sinner's tearful eyes.

And they hollowed shadowed niches,  
To enshrine the statues rare,  
Which, with pale hands ever folded,  
Seem outpouring ceaseless prayer,  
Of the hallowed place aware.

Then they sank the tinted window  
Far within the massive wall,  
That, subdued, the slanting sunbeams  
Through the pillared aisles might fall.  
And they crowned each arching buttress  
With a tall and gilded spire,  
To reflect the ruddy morning,  
Or the glorious sunset fire,  
When glows red day's funeral pyre.

Never lagged the weary workmen,  
Who, with pious zeal elate,  
Raised to God a holy temple,  
To his worship consecrate.  
Never lacked they gold or silver,  
Never lacked they jewels rare;  
And a soft and shining splendor  
Was infused into the air,  
From the gold and jewels rare.

So they wrought, till all was ended,  
Save the dome that capped the whole,  
When the builders, worn and weary,  
Rested from their lengthened toil.  
Night dropped down her starry curtain,  
Midnight hushed the world to rest,  
When, adown the rifted heavens,  
Softer than the rosiest west,  
Came the angels of the blest.

Brighter than the woven moonlight  
Were the robes the angels wore ;  
Brighter than the sun of noonday  
Were the implements they bore.  
All that night, a murmured music  
Rippled out upon the air ;  
All that night, the heavenly builders  
Toiled with superhuman care,  
Toiled with skill and beauty rare.

Mortals' hands could ne'er have framed it,  
That unique and gorgeous dome ;  
Angels only could have planned it,  
In their wondrous angel-home.

Toiled they on till dawn of morning,  
Noiseless, save their heavenly lay,  
When, complete, the dome was burnished  
With the sunlight's earliest ray,  
And the angels fled the day.

Came once more the pious builders,  
With their zeal and strength new-born;  
But, behold! the dome, completed,  
Had already kissed the morn!  
Bright and dazzling was the radiance  
From the gilded roof that streamed;  
And the cross made dim the sunlight  
With the brilliance of its beam!  
Was it thus, or did they dream?

On their knees they sank in wonder,  
On their knees they sank in prayer;  
"Sure," they said, "God's holy angels  
In the night have labored here.  
Let us call it Angel-city,  
Where the Holy Ones have wrought;  
And let rare and votive offerings  
To the sacred place be brought. —  
Do the angels know our thought?"

Ay, 't is so. Encamping round us,  
Angels list whate'er we say ;  
And they come and go about us,  
In the night-time and the day.  
Doubt not, if thy aim be holy,  
They will aid thee in thy need ;  
Doubt not they are watching o'er thee,  
When true purpose shapes thy deed, —  
Trust the angels when they lead.

### THE EDUCATION OF NATURE.

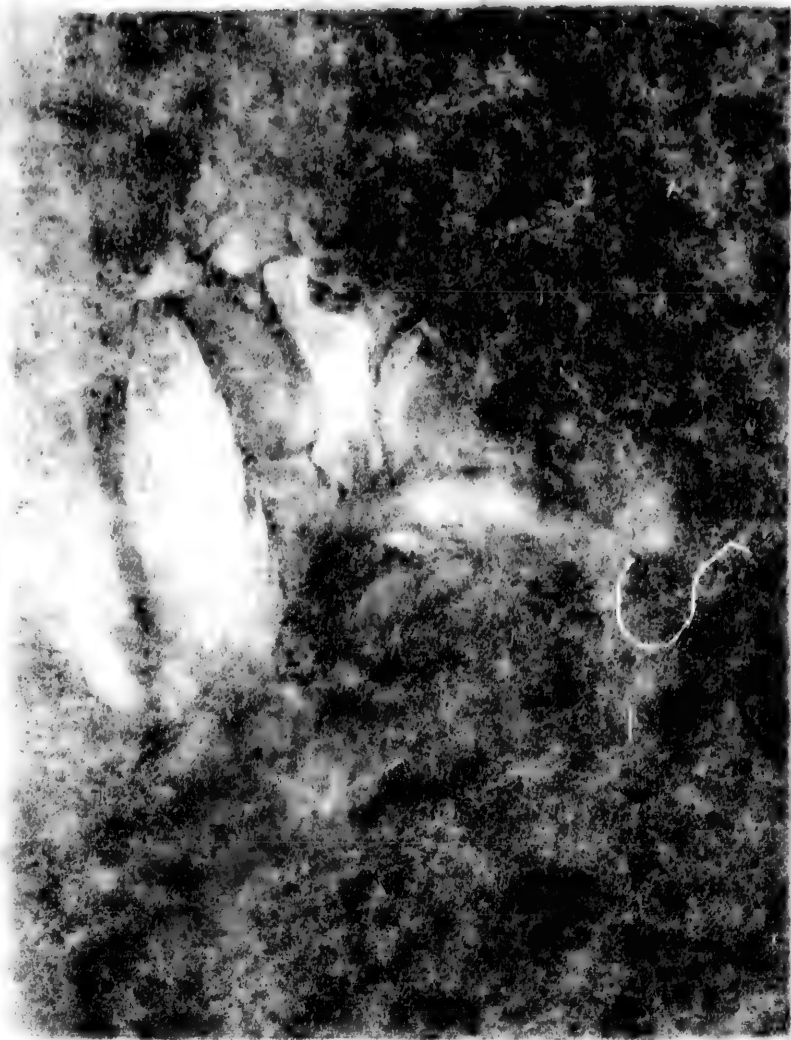
The clouds wreath round the mountain,  
And kiss its cold, stern brow ;  
The flower bends o'er the streamlet,  
As calm its waters flow,  
While from its soft and perfumed lips  
A thousand kisses go.

The sunbeams kiss the meadow,  
Whereon they lie at rest ;  
The zephyr folds its pinion  
Within the rose's breast ;  
And see the jewelled humming-bird,  
By all the flowers caressed !

The birds come flitting round us,  
On gold and ruby wing ;  
And list their tuneful chirping !  
Of love they only sing ;  
And to my cheek the sun and breeze  
Their warmest kisses bring.



tain,



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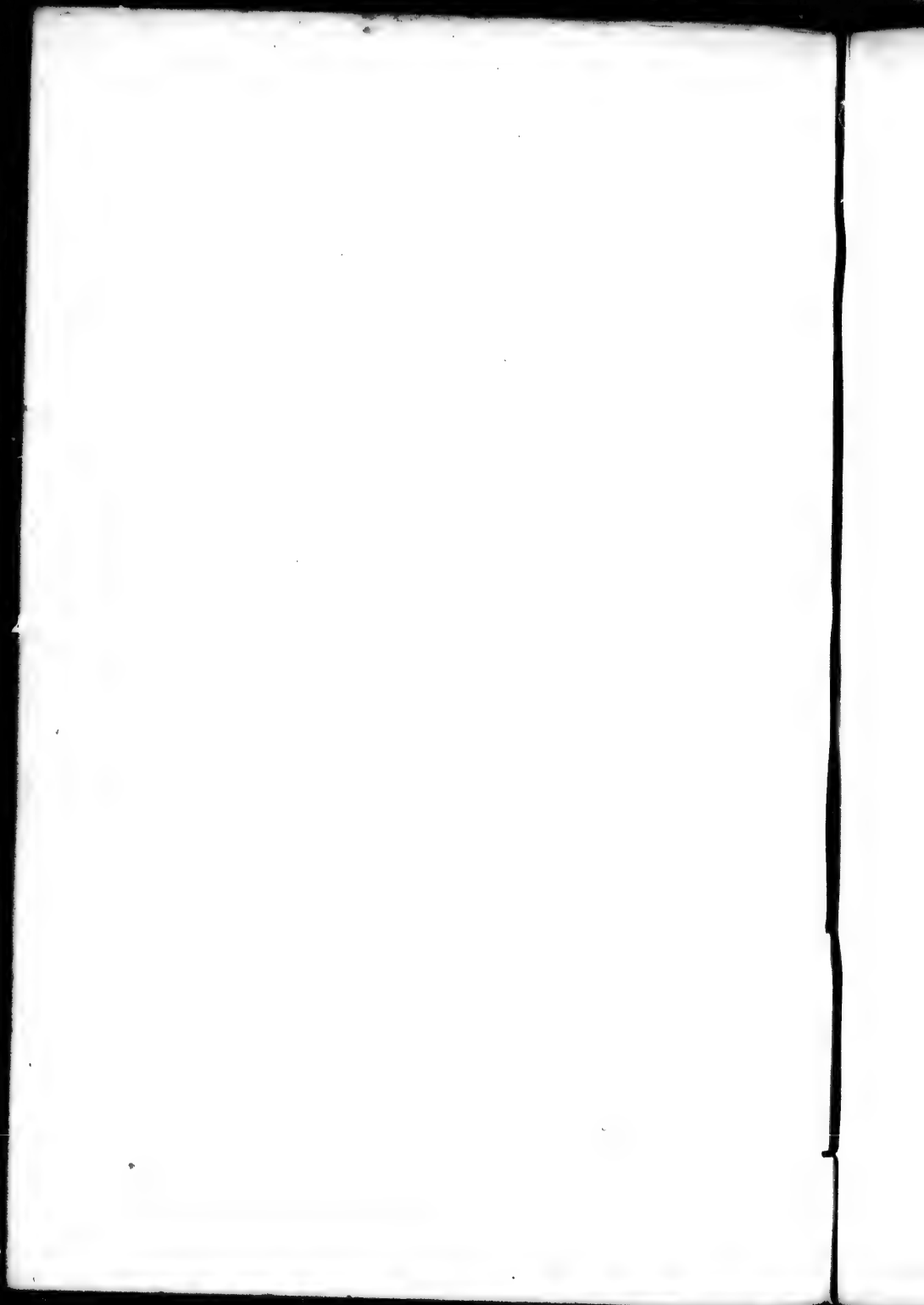
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And to my cheek the sun and breeze  
Their warmest kisses bring.

810.





Then sure we'll take a lesson  
Of bird, and flower, and breeze,  
That all the glorious summer  
Go kissing where they please.  
Can it be wrong to imitate  
Such teachers true as these?

M. A. L.

## THE GOOD TIME NOW.

BY REV. HENRY BACON.

WE hear a great deal about the good time coming. Philosophers, reformers, and poets, dwell upon it with enthusiasm, and their pictures are inspiring. Their visions keep hope from perishing, give a significance to what is said of the enduring nature of good, and cheer the "winter of discontent" with the promises of the golden summer affluent to satisfy the most exacting. It is sometimes quite exhilarating to hold converse with these prophetic souls, who see the body of the present die only to give development to a more perfect being. They stand at their telescope, studying the perturbations that seem confusion, and continually repeat their belief that a new planet will yet reveal itself to fill up the circle of Order. How beautiful is the hopeful strain of the astronomer, who, after dwelling upon the nebulae theory, and expati-

ating on the stupendous suppositions which that theory gave to the student, accepted the doubt of the sceptic, but still maintained that one thing, at least, was gained, and that was the certainty that, "in the vast heavens, as well as among phenomena around us, all things are in a state of change and *progress*. There, too, on the sky, in splendid hieroglyphics, the truth is inscribed, that the grandest forms of present being are only *germs*, swelling and bursting with a life to come!" "To COME! To every creature, these are words of hope, spoken in organ tone; our hearts suggest them, and the stars repeat them, and through the infinite Aspiration wings its way, rejoicing as an eagle following the sun." This is a beautiful thought,—to make progress of things among the stars prophetic of a good time coming among the things on the earth. The glory of the terrestrial is one, but the glory of the celestial is another; yet these glories may harmonize, in the fact that each may be perfect after its kind, as angels and men in their obedience to God. To come! says Faith, of her bright visions. To come! says

Hope, of her beautiful prophecies. To come! says Love, looking up and on; waiting quietly for stars to shine and the day to break, — hearing, in the rude blast, the whisper of the calm.

Far better is this recurrence to the future, — this living in the Eden to come, — than, turning mournfully to the past, recognizing only a good time *gone*! Man is considered but as a pile of ruins, by such a creed. Adam was more than Abraham, and Abraham more than David; and though Christ has come, and half the veil removed from eternal glory, still the Paradise Lost is the burden of the heart. To progress into manhood, is to see the best rays “fade into the common light of day;” and however beautiful may be the sunset, the dawn, it is affirmed, was more lovely. This tendency to find the good time in the past, is seen in the regrets which are expended over perished childhood; the draught which David desired from the well of Bethlehem regarded as better than the “drawing, with joy, water out of the wells of Salvation,” with a nation rapt with the blessedness of the Messianic hope. The look of regret is an infinite contrast to the look



of exultant hope ; — the one was on the face of Heathendom, turned to the Past ; the other, on the face of the Church, as it gazed on the Future. As far as our mere human affections are concerned, — as far as refers to the tender relations of domestic life, — this looking back is well. It refreshes withering sympathies ; it restores gentleness ; it quickens gratitude ; it environs us again with the sanctities which we once thought would always keep us pure. One of the best apologies of the criminal is that which he sometimes makes so forcible, when he tells us he never knew a childhood, — that he burst at once into the harsh realities of life ; that his early years remind him only of the young deer pressing his way through briars and thorns, cut and wounded on every side. A happy childhood is one of the holiest charms that man ever knows as redeeming. To the most desolate it is a joy that he was happy once ; and the severest tyranny cannot take from the captive his power to live over years of freedom he once knew ; — to go back to childhood ; to recall the grand things we dreamed of accomplishing, — to think of the charms with

which imagination and fancy could invest life, and how the thought of the great future lifted us out of any despair in the present, is good. It has a beneficent mission. It is, in a certain sense, redeeming. It brings to our sight the face now withered, and the eye now dull, as they appeared to young wonder, reverence, and love; and as the soul comes back from those roamings to by-gone years, and feels how care has ploughed the furrows in the once smooth cheek, and that that care was the intense working of love for him, there is an attraction in the faded face which the bloom of youthful beauty never could claim.

But this is far from the action of that looking back to the good time past, that sees nothing beautiful but what has gone forever; — that weeps over the spot where the old home stood; that sighs for the creaking of the wheel at the cistern, and the long sweep at the well; that can pluck no fruit like the golden apples that ripened where the robins waked the child from his sleep; that sighs for the dried brook, the vanished hill-side, the old oak, and the trustful dreaming and

bright faith of childhood. This is not letting the child in our heart lead us to refreshing memories. It is becoming a child, — forgetting the duties and privileges of manhood. We should use the power of looking back, as the traveller does, when ascending some lofty height; when, wearied, and imagining his ascent less rapid than it is, he stops and turns round, he sees what he has left; — all the rude features are lost in the distance; — the most repulsive portions of the scene contribute to the picturesqueness of the sight. But while he enjoys and is refreshed by the scene, he does not forget how those things looked when he was nearer to them, nor does he fail to appreciate that it is his progress that gives him such a view of what must be left behind. “When I became a man,” said Paul, “I put away childish things;” and so should it be with him who, in belonging to the present, is leaving the childhood of the race with rapid steps. But there is a great difference among men as to what are esteemed as childish things, or what are the childish things that should be put away. Childhood has things which Jesus would counsel us to retain. It was

a great act of his when he took a little child and placed him in the midst of his contending disciples, contrasting its simplicity with the cunning of their ambition. There is a good time past, that will never be undervalued by him who regards purity and love as more to be desired than sin and enmity. How the simple sports of children rebuke our ceaseless toil after artificial pleasures! How the speedy reconciliation of offending parties shames our hard-heartedness, and our stiff-necked rebellion against our own and social peace. "We put away," says Martineau, "the guileless mind, the pure vision, the simple trust, the tender conscience; and reserve the petty scale of thought, the hasty will, the love of toys and strife. Paul put away only the ignorance and littleness of childhood, bearing with him its freshness, its truth, its God, into the grand work of his full age. And hence, while our religion lies somewhere near our cradle, and is a kind of sacred memory, his lived on, to speak for itself, instead of being talked about. It fought all his conflicts; it took the weight out of his chains; it condensed the light-

ning of his pen, and kindled the whole furnace of his glorious nature."

It was because of this continuity of life, — this growth, expansion, progress, — that there was ever to Paul an important *now*. He not only looked back and forward, but around him; ay, and within him. He saw what the stream of Time had done, and was careful to see what it was doing, that he might read the prophecy of what it might possibly do. A good time *gone* he acknowledged; a good time *coming* he rejoiced in; but he also reverently owned a good time *now*; and there was a world of meaning in his word when he said, "*Now* is the accepted time; *now* is the day of salvation." And so with the repetition of the ancient words, "*To-day*, if ye will harden not your hearts, hear His voice." That must be a good time, that is acceptable to God for the greatest of purposes, — for the working out of the noblest possibilities of our nature, — for rising to the best height wherefrom to see the coming glory of God. That must be a good time, that affords us means to prevent the hardening of the heart, the deadening of the

moral sensibilities, the blighting of the soul. The good time invites our thought, our regard, our reverence, our ability to improve.

The Bible, with its story of the Creation and of Eden, reminds us of the good time gone; and, with its more glorious story of Bethlehem and the Manger, the Baptism and the Temptation, Gethsemane, Calvary, the Garden Sepulchre, and Olivet, and the Throne of Mediation and the Mercy Seat, speaks to us of the good time coming; — “life and immortality are brought to light;” Satan is deposed from his seat of power, and God, all in all, finishes the work of redemption. But no less does the Bible make of the good time now. There was a *now* to all these things which make up the story of lost holiness and its restoration. There was a moment when Adam started into being. That was a glorious *now* to him. There was a time when the child of a thousand promises was born; and that was a stupendous *now* to the angels who sang the birth-song of the infant Redeemer. What a *now*, — what absorbing interest was thrown around it, — when John the Baptist appeared, to teach repent-

ance; when Jesus appeared, to be baptized of John; when the temptation was completed, and the victory over it too; when Jesus sat on the mountain, and delivered the sermon of truth! To each one of the multitude our Saviour healed, what a *now* was experienced! When the poor baffled cripple, at the pool, saw the face of Christ kindling with the fervor of Divine sympathy, and the words coming to save him, — when the man with the withered hand was required to stretch forth his hand, in the midst of the cavilling synagogue, — and when the woman pressed through the crowd to touch the robe of Jesus, — what a *now* was known! If all nature had stopped in its course, it could not have made the time more a special hour. And what, amid all our hopes, — our dreams of the future, — can bring anything more sublime, more abounding with the purest and most thrilling poetry, than was known in that *now* when afresh flowed the tears of the weepers of Bethany, because “Jesus wept”? What a good time now would it have been with those weepers, in the place of graves, had they read the moral significance of that

hour! Had they known what millions would take that incident into their chambers of darkness, and dwell on it as they sat beside their dead,—had they known how it would be used to annihilate the iron force of stoicism, and prove sorrow no sin, tears no insult to God, groans no reproach against Providence,—had they anticipated what in our age is drawn from those tears, as they are seen radiant with the soul of Jesus,—they would have deemed that *now* one of the grandest hours of man. The past would have been but a back-ground to the central figure of glory; and far into the future would the light of that present have been seen shining.

The great hours of man, as seen in history, assist us to give significance to *now*, and show its acceptance with God for grand issues. Quiet as the birth of a star in the twilight, still as the coming up of the moon from the ocean, has been the birth-hour of some of the sublimest events in the progress of humanity; and how closely united the most awe-inspiring and the simplest incidents are sometimes found, is well shown in the appearance of the meteor that guided the eastern



Magi to the infant Saviour, and the familiar picture seen when they found the object sought for: — "And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child, with Mary his mother." Signs in the heavens may draw to the sight of familiar things, in such a way that we shall readily pay homage where, otherwise, we might take no note of what was near, — "feeble beginning of a mighty end."

*Now!* What is it? Is it not really a portion of our existence? — the living cord, binding us to our identity, — conveying to our consciousness what we have been and are, and reaching prophetically, with its electric shootings, into the future. It is a time for faith, hope, and charity; for aspiration and endeavor; for baffling the tempter, and helping the tempted; for catching new visions of duty, new incentives to heroic action, new reasons for gratitude to God and devotion to Christ. *Now!* Why, it is a part of God's eternity, — his providential sovereignty over man; and who can tell what may be ready to burst on our astonished vision, to make this an hour that shall be the parent of ages of good

for man? What magnificent issues, in some quarter of this globe, may not the eye of Omniscience see springing forth in the germ? When the bird alighted on the branch of the tree, at the mouth of the cave into which Mahomet had fled, it seemed no moment to take note of, — to be marked in the world's history; but it nevertheless was such a moment. Mahomet was saved by the inference his pursuers drew from the bird sitting on that branch and singing. What *a now* was that to him! A song was between him and death; — the song prevailed.

Speaking of a song, reminds me of a poet, and a peculiar use of this word *now*. She lay on the bed of death. Her large Hebrew eyes were full of lustre, beneath a jutting forehead, white as the robe of Jesus at the transfiguration; and, flowing upon the pillows beneath her head, were the dark ringlets, tossed here and there, at times, by the hand, as the arm swayed itself around her head, as though parting the vines and flowers in some eastern bower. The music of angels dropped upon her hearing, and her face was radi-

ant with the light of a beatified soul; and such visions of flowers what eye ever saw? It was a time when a pure soul was being crowned, and the significance given to the *now* made the future a continuance of rapture and glory. "*Now*," spoke the dying Christian; "now—" and her voice failed, or dropped into that whisper of ecstasy which seems to regard a louder speech as profane for the thought to be uttered. "*Now*" was expressed distinctly; but the sentiment it heralded was only to be caught from the movement of the lips;—it was, "Now we see through a glass darkly." The soul that uttered it felt it was a great thing to see eternal glories, even darkly,—in riddles, as it were; dimly as, in outline, we behold objects without the frosty pane, in the streets of the city. It was a good time now to her heart, as she looked darkly, dimly, at the things of heaven; and when she said "but *then* face to face," the rapture that lighted up her whole being, and seemed to float her on an atmosphere of beauty, was kindled by the right estimate of the *now*. She died as she had lived, a child of faith; and the

memory of her quiet household ways, her retiring graces, her excelling sweetness, her keen intuitions of the Divine, her exquisite discernment of the poetic, her worship of God in the loveliness of cheerful obedience to duty, gives to this hour of thoughtfulness a sacredness that says, *Now* is the accepted time to copy that excellence you admire. Now is the day of salvation, when you may be redeeming from that captivity which keeps you from the enjoyment of the freedom she knew, — knew in childhood, youth, and womanhood, — that gave her joy as she felt her lot amid the universe of things that spake of God and his love, and prompted her to sing, —

“O heart of mine ! Thou, too, shouldst be  
An ever full, unsounded sea  
Of joy and love !”

Let the *now* of our being be as beautifully filled up with Christian endeavors, and *then* — who can tell what will be then ? — what mission our life may execute ? — what future it may make for others ? Let us be faithful to the present ; — God will give it a future.

THOUGHTS BY LAKE ST. CHARLES, NEAR  
QUEBEC.

BY REV. A. G. LAURIE

THERE are moments when mirth will forsake us,  
And calm cover bosom and brow,  
And silence and thought overtake us, —  
Their shadow is over me now.

The dark, woody mountains around me,  
The lake lying still at their feet,  
The magic of Nature hath bound me,  
Her spell at once solemn and sweet.

The clouds hasten down to their slumber,  
And follow the sun to the west;  
All glowing in golden and umber,  
They sink in his radiance to rest.

And now from the silence above me  
The stars look upon me, — and shine  
So steadfastly, — surely they love me,  
And smile with affection Divine.

O Nature, dear Nature! thou only, —  
When, worn with the world and its chain,  
We turn from it, loathing and lonely, —  
Thou only canst soothe us again.

We throw ourselves back on thy bosom,  
And hopes that were withered and dead  
Spring freshly in beauty and blossom,  
To lure, where they ever have led.

So, tread we the bright path or dreary,  
To reach the sad rest of the sod,  
We hope and pursue, till we 're weary,  
Then turn — but to Nature? or God?

Alas! while we pause upon Nature,  
In her such attraction we find,  
Too rarely we reach her Creator,  
Sublime in the shadow behind,

## A CHAPTER FROM THE HISTORY OF A FAMILY.

BY MRS. M. A. LIVERMORE.

AMONG the many beautiful and picturesque villages that are scattered throughout the length and breadth of dear New England, not a lovelier can be found than the little village of D——. Its location, the natural beauty of its scenery, the cultivation bestowed upon it by the lavish hand of wealth and taste, together with the grouping of neat white homesteads and occasional princely mansions on its hill-sides, conspire to render it one of the most charming of country towns. At a distance, old Holyoke and Tom lift sturdily up their green heads towards heaven, appearing to extend the ægis of their protection over the towns below; a tributary of the Connecticut, like a thread of silver, winds amid the beautiful dwellings, the embowering shade-trees, and flowery gardens; while green hills and pine-clad mountains girdle the landscape with their encircling arms.

But though the very spirit of beauty dwells here, there is an entire absence of another spirit, without whose tutelary presence no New England village can grow and thrive, — the spirit of enterprise. An atmosphere of dreamy quiet hangs over the town, like that which brooded over Sleepy Hollow; for none of the din, and turmoil, and confusion, incident to the clang, clatter, and whizzing of machinery, have ever found their way thither. No branch of mechanism or manufacture is carried on in the village. It is not extensively engaged even in agriculture; and the railroad, with its smoking, snorting, puffing, whizzing train, that has intruded everywhere, and violated every sacred retreat of nature, comes not within the purlieu of the village, but makes a detour of some three miles around it, as if conscientiously scrupulous about disturbing the holy quiet of the spot. The village store, the blacksmith's shop, and a small millinery and dress-making establishment, furnish all the employment to be found in D—; and those in need of other employment are obliged to seek it elsewhere. Most of its residents, how-



ever, are people of wealth or competence, who already possess the means of livelihood, and who find life in this paradisiacal and somewhat aristocratic village congenial to their habits and tastes.

With some, however, it is otherwise. Occasionally there are those whose circumstances force upon them the necessity of removing to some more enterprising town, or of coming to certain poverty amid the beauty and cultivation of their old home. Among this number must be classed Mrs. Ward, a widow lady, with three children; the eldest of an age and ability to provide for herself, if an opportunity were granted her, the younger two requiring parental care and maintenance for some years to come. Mr. Ward, a man of intellectual culture, scholastic attainments, and gentlemanly accomplishments, had formerly been a practitioner at the bar; but just as he was acquiring fame and fortune by his profession, death came to interrupt his career, and he was summoned from duties and labors here to the labors and duties of a higher life. For a long time his bereaved and inconsolable wife struggled on as best she could; — the ex-

penses of their daily life were met, and means of improvement and culture secured to her children.

But, as time sped, her cares and responsibilities increased, the needs of her children demanded a larger expenditure of money, and she found that some plan must be devised to increase the limited means left her by her husband. What could be done? Again and again she revolved the query in her own mind, and at last decided to sell their cottage and to move to a distant city, where, she hoped, and was induced to believe, employment might be found for herself and daughter. Harriet, this daughter, some eighteen or nineteen years old, was a beautiful but timid and shrinking girl; well educated, and possessed of many accomplishments. Her mind was of a superior order, and her father, whose pride she was, had bestowed upon it no mean cultivation. Her voice was one of richest melody, and her musical talent had been well developed by the first masters in the region where she lived. She was qualified to teach, or to give lessons in music; but there was no opportunity for her to do either in her native town, and both she and her mother hoped her

musical skill might be called in requisition in the city.

As for Mrs. Ward, she had decided to rent a convenient and moderate-sized tenement in a pleasant part of the metropolis, hoping to secure some three or four pleasant boarders as inmates of her family, by whose patronage she might be able to eke out her slender income. For her sons, she anticipated the unequalled advantages of the city schools, justly the pride and glory of New England, which open to rich and poor alike the priceless boon of a good education.

Her plans once formed and matured, she lost no time in carrying them into execution. Their tasteful cottage and garden were disposed of; such of their household goods as they were not to take with them were also parted with; a pleasant house in a pleasant street was secured; and then, with some secret misgivings as to the wisdom of the course she was pursuing, and with many relentless heart-aches, she turned from the dear spot, indissolubly linked with the memory of her ascended husband, and plunged into the

bustle, the bewildering turmoil and confusion, of the city.

Her sons were much too young to grieve over the change, or be otherwise than pleased with its novelty; but Harriet, whose retiring nature was one of great sensitiveness, and whose heart clung to the home of her infancy, felt herself fluttered with fear, like a frightened bird, at the thought of being thrown among strangers, while a chilling sense of isolation gathered about her spirit, as she saw crowds of people passing and repassing their dwelling, and felt that in their very midst she was yet alone.

As soon as they were settled in their new habitation, Mrs. Ward offered her accommodations to the boarding public, through the medium of the advertising columns of two or three respectable daily papers. Harriet's services as music-teacher were offered in the same way, while James and Clarence received admission into the — School, and were punctual in their attendance, and unremitting in their application. But weeks passed away, and though Mrs. Ward's advertisement drew applicants to her house, she

was yet unsuccessful in obtaining any inmates to her family. One was not pleased with her accommodations; a second thought her terms too high; a third deprecated the location; a fourth disliked to board where there were children; a fifth preferred a larger boarding-house; and so on, to the end of the catalogue.

Nor was Harriet more successful in her endeavors to obtain music-pupils. The city was already overstocked with music-teachers; — parents found it easy to obtain the instruction of the most scientific masters, and most accomplished artists, for their children, before whose brilliant execution, and rich, full, and sweet singing, Harriet's abilities, respectable as they were, paled and sunk into insignificance. In the meanwhile, however, their expenditures went on as usual; for everything they enjoyed, for the merest comfort, — the most indispensable necessary of life, — they were required to make payment, that, to them, accustomed as they were to the cheaper prices of a country town, seemed ruinously exorbitant; and as this continual outlay was not met by the first sous in the way of income, their

scantily-filled purse was soon well-nigh drained, and blank poverty stared them in the face.

Mrs. Ward's heart died within her, as did that of her daughter. They now saw that their removal to the city was an injudicious step; but while they had not the means of returning to D——, if they would, they felt that a return thither would be only to change the location, and retain the grinding poverty. But something must be done. It would not do for Mrs. Ward to fold her hands in inaction, or to give herself up to despair. Three children had claims upon her; and for their sakes, sick at heart and desponding as she was, she must yet battle with life, and stem the current now setting in against her. Her first step was to reduce the enormous house-rent she was paying; and this she effected by admitting another family under the roof, reserving but three or four apartments for herself and children. As she had now abandoned all hope of maintaining herself by taking boarders, she disposed of the recently-purchased furniture, and thus raised a small fund that gave them temporary relief. Harriet besought her mother

to sell the piano, which she believed would bring nearly its full value; but Mrs. Ward avowed her determination to sacrifice that only in the last extremity. Her only desire now was to obtain labor, however menial, so it was honorable; — labor which would secure to herself and children the necessities of life.

They soon found they had been very fortunate in the family they had received into the house. They found them kind-hearted, sympathetic, and neighborly; and, in the end, a permanent friendship grew up between the two households. One of the daughters, who was a teacher in one of the many primary schools of the city, formed a strong attachment towards Harriet, whose delicate figure, soft violet eyes, and pensive face, could not fail of awakening interest in any heart. She soon perceived that she was educated and accomplished beyond her station in life; and learning from the dejected girl something of their destitute circumstances, and, with womanly intuition, guessing the rest, she determined to befriend her. She was herself on the eve of marriage; and, accompanying her resignation of

her office, she made, in person, an application to the chairman of the committee for Harriet as her successor. Dr. Arnold, the chairman of the board, was a man of large heart and ready sympathies; of active benevolence and well-known philanthropy; and as he listened to the urgent pleas in Harriet's behalf, and to the eloquent eulogy of her merits and virtues, pronounced by her friend, he became interested, and begged an introduction to the young applicant.

Accordingly, on the next day, the timid, trembling, self-distrustful girl, with her new-found friend, called at Dr. Arnold's office. The grace and beauty of Harriet instantly pleased him; for he was unmarried, dear reader, — a bachelor of more than thirty; there was something, to him, infinitely touching in her soft eyes, her low, sad voice, and shrinking manner; and he saw, at a glance, that, unfitted as she was to meet the rude shocks of life, she was yet the child of sorrow. His whole heart was enlisted for her. He gave her words of encouragement and cheer, and a promise of aid, that called up quick, hot tears to the poor girl's eyes, that she would fain have



hidden. Finding her as well qualified for the situation she desired as she had been represented, he exerted himself actively in her behalf, and so effectually, that she was the successful candidate for the vacant school, although some thirty or forty previous applications had been laid before the board; and the next week saw her installed in her new office, with a salary of some three hundred dollars per annum.

And now Harriet's kind friend gave timely aid, also, to her mother. Being well acquainted in the city, she introduced Mrs. Ward to a large establishment, extensively engaged in the manufacture of various garments, which gave employment to some hundred or more of women, who were paid liberally and promptly; and here Mrs. Ward was furnished with employment. They were now lifted out of their former difficulties; their expenses were reduced; they had an income more than sufficient for their needs, if managed with good thrift; and the terrible anxiety that had tugged so heavily at their hearts was now removed. They formed pleasant acquaintances; they enrolled themselves as members of a relig-

ious body, of their own faith, that worshipped near them. James and Clarence were kept steadily at school. Only favorable accounts were received from them; — they were grateful and happy. The summer passed along quietly and pleasantly. Harriet was successful, in her new vocation, beyond even the expectations of her most sanguine friends. Her pupils loved her; their parents respected her; expressions of approbation were largely meted out to her by the visiting committee of her school, — by Dr. Arnold, especially, whose visits to her school-room were *not* “like angels’ visits, few and far between.” He manifested a great and strange interest in his young protégée, and seemed never weary of encouraging her, — of assuring her timid and fainting heart, and of aiding her in her duties, by his friendly and judicious suggestions. Dignified, elevated, and superior as he was, in the eyes of the young girl, — of mental and moral stature that towered far above all whom she knew, — there was yet mingled with his loftiness an urbanity, a kindness, a gentle condescension, that soon set her at ease with

him. While he was inspecting her method of teaching, and the progress of her pupils, she felt not in the presence of a censor or stern judge, but in that of a friend whose praise was justly dear to her, and whose strictures were made in kindness.

Fall came, and with it the shadow of a great grief which enshrouded the little household. Clarence, the youngest child, whose rapid advance in his studies gave promise of future greatness, while his heart was as richly endowed with all the attributes that render one lovely as was his mind with the gifts of genius, returned from school, one afternoon, with a flushed cheek, a wild eye, and an aching head, and, complaining bitterly of illness, sought his couch, from which he was never more to rise. The taint of a contagious fever had already corrupted his blood; the fires of disease were in his veins, and before the dawn of the next day he was wandering through the mazy labyrinths of the wildest delirium. With the first gleam of light, Harriet summoned Dr. Arnold to his bedside, beseeching him to hasten to her brother ere he died. The sum-

mons was promptly obeyed, and for the first time the benevolent physician entered Mrs. Ward's dwelling. Amid all the confusion and sadness incident to the child's sudden sickness, Dr. Arnold could not but observe, even then, that an unusual air of refinement was apparent in the arrangement and furnishing of the humble apartments, while good breeding and high culture characterized their unpretending occupants. His whole attention was given to the little sufferer, during his brief but painful illness; but neither his skill and attention, nor the prayers of his kindred, could avert his threatening doom; and as the second day of his illness closed in upon the distressed watchers by his couch, the sleep that knows no waking sealed his eyes in dreamless slumber.

The grief of the survivors was intense; it was not boisterous nor obtrusive, but deep and quiet. The little fellow's presence had been to them sunlight and music, and it seemed as if earth were robbed of its brightness and melody, now that his blue eyes were closed, and his pleasant voice hushed in death. There was little to di-

vert their minds from their bereavement, for the poor have few outward sources of enjoyment, and find in home and in the bosom of affection their chief happiness. Few came in to sympathize with them, for they were strangers. Few came to follow with them the pale sleeper to his last resting-place. Dr. Arnold proved himself an invaluable friend to them; — his attentions did not end with the life of his patient; he made the last sad arrangements for the obsequies of the dead; called with a clergyman, who offered them the holy consolations of religion; brought “pale flowers” to strew over the faded blossom of earthly being, and attended himself the burial services, accompanied by an elderly maiden sister, who wore the same benign and noble countenance as her brother. Deeply grateful for his unexpected kindness, Mrs. Ward was yet astonished at it; — she could not understand it, nor divine its meaning. There were others, and among them their friends in the house, who saw more clearly.

The first stunning effects of this bereavement were hardly over, before James, the other son,

was seized with the same malignant type of fever. For a long time the lad hovered between life and death. There were moments when his breath seemed departing, — when his spirit-wings seemed already out-spread for flight, — and when hope died in the hearts of the mother and sister, who hung over him with anxious assiduity. But the skill and remedies, which could not save the life of one, availed to raise from the brink of the open grave the other; and, after weeks of suffering, the widow's son began to amend. Careful nursing and judicious management gradually brought back the roundness of his cheek, and kindled in his eye the fires of returning health; but even when he became convalescent, the visits of his physician were continued. The services and kindness of Dr. Arnold had filled with gratitude the hearts of Mrs. Ward and her daughter. Had he been an angel, their regard could not have been more reverential, their gratitude more profound, nor their homage more religious.

But when his visits were continued after the necessity for them was annulled by the conva-

lescence of her son, Mrs. Ward was puzzled ; and if Harriet was not, she never sought to enlighten her mother by word or hint. It could not be that the doctor found any attraction in their humble abode ; it could not be for the pleasure of her conversation, although Mrs. Ward was obliged to confess that his discourse was mainly addressed to her ; it could not be for any special interest he felt in Harriet ; for, though he loaned her books and periodicals, and brought her sheets of music, and never left without craving a song, or the performance of some new or favorite piece, yet this was easily accounted for, as the doctor was a man of letters, an amateur in music, a flutist of no mean order, and a member of two or three musical clubs. It was incredible that a man like Dr. Arnold, — over thirty, tall, dignified, and commanding, highly connected, with a considerable fortune and a large practice, filling many honorable and lucrative offices, and who, if he desired to marry, might choose from the very flower of the city, the very élite of the metropolis, — it was incredible that such a man should look with special or tender interest on a

girl like Harriet, poor and humble in station, a very Mimosa in her sensitiveness and timidity ; unknown, unsought, and almost uncared for. So reasoned Mrs. Ward, somewhat blindly, to be sure ; and in the mean time Dr. Arnold called and called, always when Harriet was at home, whose blushes and downcast eyes seemed to indicate that her ease and self-possession with the physician were at an end.

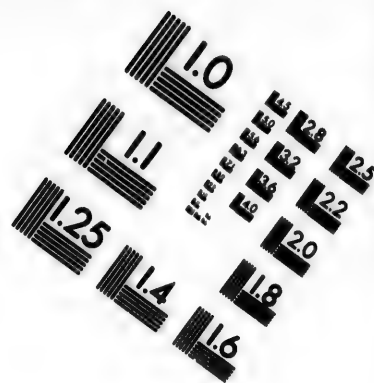
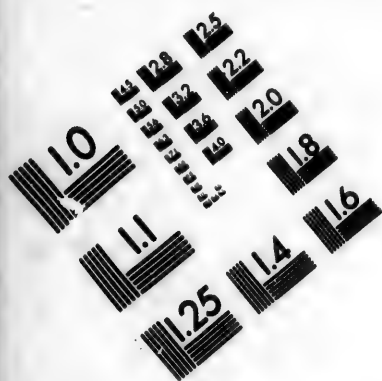
As fall deepened into winter, circumstances occurred which rendered Dr. Arnold's visits again necessary. The health of Harriet, never robust, had become greatly impaired through the watchings, care, and labor, incident to the illness of her brothers ; and, before she had at all recruited, as soon as she could be spared, she had resumed her labors in the school-room. The heavy drafts upon their purse had well-nigh drained it, during the sickness and death that had visited them ; and, in the desire to replenish it, they often plied the needle till after the city clocks had rung out the hour of midnight. This additional labor, at any time, was too much for the frail health of Harriet ; but at that time it was making unwar-



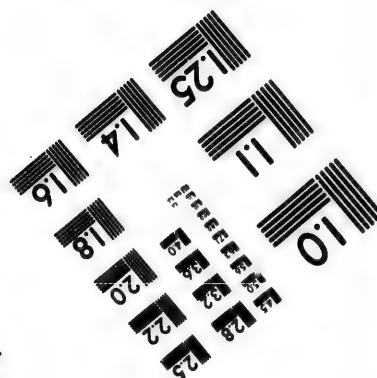
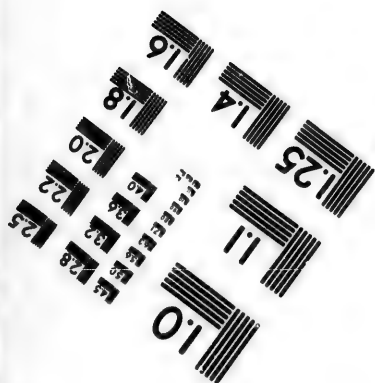
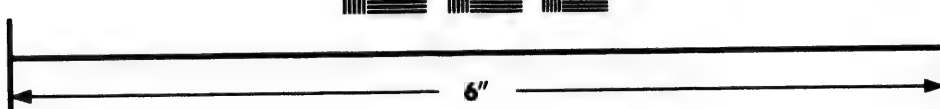
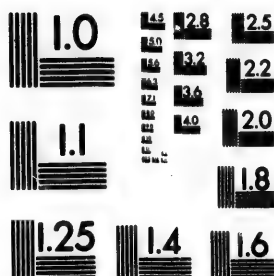
arrantable demands upon nature, who, thus outraged, was keeping a close account with the transgressor, to be balanced at no very distant day. The heavy fogs, penetrating and driving rains and sleets, of November, completed the prostration of her health; and the seeds of disease sprang up noxiously and rankly in her system. With a fevered pulse, a brain whirling in strange and dizzying activity, an eye like a wounded eagle's, and a cheek that glowed like fire, she started for school, one morning, sure that she was not well, yet unwilling to confess herself ill. But the duties of the morning were not half over, when increasing illness overcame her, and, amid the receding and dying sounds of study and recitation, she sank to the floor in a swoon. Her young pupils alarmed the neighborhood in their fright; a carriage was sent for, and poor Harriet was conveyed to her mother's dwelling, seriously indisposed.

Her disease had attacked the lungs, and after a short but violent fever, it appeared to abate, and it was thought she would soon be convalescent. These hopes were not realized. A cough





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ensued, slight at first, but gradually increasing in violence; febrile symptoms returned, and by and by there appeared each day, on the emaciated cheek, the bright, brilliant, fearful glow, that tells of consumption. The large blue eye dilated, and grew more and more hollow and dazzling; the delicate face and little hands blanched and shrunk, till the net-work of blue veins could be seen all over them, and they were as diminutive as a girl of twelve summers; while the moisture of the rich brown tresses was drunk up by the fever-heat, till they fell off from the white temples upon the pillow, like a mass of golden threads. Weeks passed away, and she was no better, but in a state of increasing debility and prostration. Mrs. Ward became alarmed; — she recognized in her daughter's ailments the precursors, if not the attendants, of the same insidious pulmonary complaint that had bereft her of her husband. Dr. Arnold was alarmed; he had, from the first, attended her most carefully and constantly, but now he summoned the best medical skill of the city to her bedside, to consult with him on the nature of his patient's disease,

and the remedial agents to be employed. But still the sick girl amended not; she was no better; patient, resigned, uncomplaining, touchingly submissive, she lay and wasted fearfully, though gradually.

The poor mother turned from her daughter's bedside, with an expression of anguish on her face, and wrung her hands despairingly; she followed the doctor's footsteps, whose anguish and anxiety she could not see, so blinded was she by her own grief, and besought him for the hope that in his heart he dared not cherish, and dared not give to others; while the hours that passed into eternity went laden with prayers, and tears, and agonizing wishes for her darling's life.

To add to her distress, her finances were again exhausted, with no present means of replenishing them; and while pale-faced sickness sat brooding in her dwelling, and the fearful angel of death was watching at her door, gaunt poverty stalked again among them. But on the very day when her last cent was paid out, relief came from an unknown source; — the post-boy brought her a note, enclosing a fifty-dollar bank-bill, and beg-

ging its acceptance from "a friend." With bewilderment, with thanks, Mrs. Ward received the gift, regarding it as a direct interposition of Heaven, but hardly guessing its real source. She did not imagine herself overheard when she sent her son to the pawnbroker's with a valuable brooch that she had worn in better days, nor could she easily have brought herself to believe that Dr. Arnold felt, in her and hers, interest sufficient to induce him to an act of such generosity.

It was a long, desolate winter to the poor woman, who saw, with harrowing anxiety and desolating sorrow, the silent decay of her meek child. She could not bring herself to believe that it was God's will her idol should be shattered; she could not but believe that God, in his mercy, would forbear so utterly to crush her life, as to remove her daughter from her. All the long day, and the yet longer night, she hovered over the pillow of her uncomplaining and often unconscious child, ministering to her as affectionately, as tenderly, as carefully, as only a mother can; while from her heart went up voice-

less but passionate ejaculations to Heaven,—  
“O Father! spare her! — raise her from death!  
— crush me not so utterly! — spare! save!  
heal!”

March came, at last, — the first month of  
spring, — and Harriet seemed lower than ever.  
Dr. Arnold saw, with infinite pain, that the strug-  
gle must soon be decided one way or other, —  
that the long contest between life and death  
must soon be terminated. Was she to live, or  
die? O, how his heart prayed for the healing  
airs of summer, which he hoped would raise the  
invalid, if her life could be prolonged till then!  
How his brows contracted with pain, when  
balmy, spring-like days were followed by weather  
that belonged to December! Life had ebbed so  
low in his dear patient, that it was like the  
flickering light of a dying lamp; a single  
breath might extinguish it, or it might be fed  
and nursed into longer continuance. Never had  
he watched over a patient with such intense  
interest. Hours were passed beside her low  
couch; he seemed more like a nurse than a  
physician, — more like a doting parent over a



petted child, than a medical man with a sick girl. His own hand smoothed her pillows, and put back from her brow the bright masses of golden hair; now he administered the healing potions he prescribed, and now he sought to tempt her appetite with some delicate nourishment. Always he spoke to her in a low, tender voice, and always cheerfully. The dignified and commanding mien which had so awed her, in her days of health, was completely laid aside; and even while Harriet stood on the threshold of eternity, her whole heart went out to him in love. And at times, when her large violet eye was raised to his in tearful thankfulness, and her white lip quivered with words of gratitude, moisture gathered in his own eyes, and his lips pressed her pale brow, as he besought her to manifest her gratitude by speedy recovery.

April came, with milder airs and balmier skies. Harriet seemed to rally a little, and after a time Dr. Arnold ventured to assure Mrs. Ward that he could perceive in his patient a change for the better. The ashy, death-like hue had passed from her features, leaving her

frightfully pale, it is true, but less ghastly, less corpse-like ; — the hectic fire burned less fiercely on her cheek ; her mind hovered less amid the fanciful and unreal creations of delirium ; she expressed interest in matters and things pertaining to her every-day life, — asked about the weather, her school, her acquaintances, and similar other matters. No language can express the unutterable gratitude of Mrs. Ward's heart. As she bowed, now, before high Heaven, her orisons were but floods of grateful tears.

May came, with yet balmier airs, which re-kindled the long-prostrated energies of the yet feeble girl. She now could sit up ; she craved food ; she amused herself with books, and sometimes desired her arm-chair to be drawn to the piano, when her attenuated, transparent little fingers ran over the long-silent keys, bringing forth from thence faint gushes of melody. The terrible anxiety for her life was now over. Dr. Arnold, who came once or twice a day to see her, — most physicians would have discontinued their visits now, dear reader, — could banter her a little over her skeleton proportions, and laugh-

ingly predict astonishing increase of weight and substance.

At last, the good physician gave Harriet permission to take a drive; and, more than this, he came to the door in his own chaise, one bright June morning, when the air was all incense, the earth all bloom and song and life, and lifting her into the vehicle as if she were a mere babe, drove her to the outskirts of the city, where the fresh air of the country came to her like the inspiration of health. Again and again were the rides repeated, — now to the classic grounds of Cambridge, and now to the hallowed shades of sweet Auburn, — Dr. Arnold all the while conversing with his fair companion, and often upon topics that painted the deepest carmine on her cheek, and deprived her of the power of raising her eyes to his face. And when he returned her to her mother's dwelling, one might have seen with what tender solicitude he lifted her from the chaise; and that, as he parted with her, just inside the hall door, his lips met — not her brow — but her rosy lips, which bashfully returned the kiss laid upon them. What did it all mean?

Mrs. Ward at last began dimly to see things as they were, though still she was slow to believe what the whole neighborhood were gossiping about,—the attachment of Dr. Arnold and her daughter. By and by Harriet informed her mother that her school had been given to another, adding, with painful blushes, which did not escape the notice of the mother, that Dr. Arnold advised her not to resume teaching again. A few days later, the doctor and Mrs. Ward were closeted together for a long time, when the latter came forth from the interview with a beaming face and tearful eyes, and, clasping her daughter in her arms, bestowed a benediction upon her. And soon Harriet was observed to be deep in the mysteries of millinery and dress-making, threading Washington-street for the prettiest and most appropriate fabrics, and consulting about modes and fashions with her dignified friend, the doctor, who still continued his visits at Mrs. Ward's, though no one now required his medical attention. Some great event was evidently approaching.

“How is that little patient of yours, brother?”

asked the maiden sister to whom we have before referred, as Dr. Arnold and she sat together, a few evenings after. "I refer to the one whose brother's funeral I attended, — Harriet Ward; has she regained her health?"

"Yes," replied the doctor, with animation; "she is quite well now. She has improved wonderfully, this last month."

"I am glad to hear it," was the rejoinder; "for her poor mother's sake, I am glad she has recovered."

"And I am glad for my own sake," frankly and calmly avowed the doctor. "Harriet's life has become very dear to me. Through the winter, I thought it impossible for her to recover; but, in the beautiful language of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, whose sonnets you were reading to me last evening, she has

— "yielded the grave, for my sake, and exchanged  
Her near, sweet view of heaven, for earth with me.'"

"Why, brother! what do you say? Have you considered all the consequences of a marriage with Harriet Ward?"

"Consequences! What consequences can ensue, but pleasant ones, — happiness to both of us?"

"Yes; but what will the world say?"

"O, as to that, it may say what it pleases. A man marries to please himself, not to suit the hollow-hearted, the knaves and simpletons, who compose 'the world.' Among all the ladies whom I know, Harriet Ward is my preference. We are attached; we believe we shall be happy together. I am in circumstances to marry, — and who is there to say 'nay'?"

"Well," replied the sister, musing a moment, "you are right. If Harriet Ward is all you describe her, she is not unworthy of you; and her humble station in life does not disgrace her. But few, however, will coincide with this opinion. But when am I to lose my brother?"

"You will gain a sister, not lose a brother, some time in the early fall. Mrs. Ward has agreed to become our housekeeper, at least till Harriet is well enough, and sufficiently competent to take the head of affairs herself. And when we are all well domesticated in our new

home, you must come and see for yourself if my ideas and expectations of happiness are at all Utopian."

And now, reader, in conclusion, — if that can be called "a conclusion wherein nothing is concluded," — let me assure you that Dr. Arnold never repented his forgetfulness of caste, and the artificial distinctions of society, in his choice of a wife; and that the great "world," even, soon forgot to laugh, in its eagerness to do homage to the beautiful bride; and ceased to sneer, as it was compelled to testify to the grace, goodness, and genius, of her whom all loved and esteemed.

## THE ANNIVERSARY.

BY JAMES LUMBARD.

A YEAR of shifting scenes has gone  
To dwell entombed with ages fled,  
Since thou wert taken, gentle one,  
To slumber with the silent dead.  
A year has gone, — and yet it seems  
A little while since thou wert here,  
Engaging in the toils and schemes  
Of this convulsed and darkened sphere.

'T is hard to think that thou art gone  
Forever from our earthly ken, —  
That we shall never look upon  
Thy dear familiar form again.  
We cannot think thy spirit passed  
To that mysterious realm above,  
That thy warm heart is cold at last,  
So lately full of hope and love.



But thou art in the charnel dark,  
    Its damp mould on thy bosom prest,  
And flowering shrubs are all that mark  
    The spot where thou art laid to rest;  
But on the soul's white tablatore,  
    Engraved in characters of light,  
Thy many virtues shall endure,  
    As fadeless as the stars of night.

Full many fairer forms may throng  
    The path that now before us opes,  
With winning words and witching song,  
    To thrill our hearts with sunniest hopes;  
But, oh! we never can forget  
    The friend of our serenest days,  
Whose orb of being darkly set,  
    And faded from our tearful gaze.

Full many a long and weary year  
    May toil adown oblivion's steep,  
Ere we shall close our journey here,  
    And in the grave's still darkness sleep;

But graven on our heart of hearts  
The memory of thy worth shall be,  
Until each waiting soul departs,  
To dwell forevermore with thee!

## NAPOLEON AND HIS SON.

BY MRS. M. A. LIVERMORE.

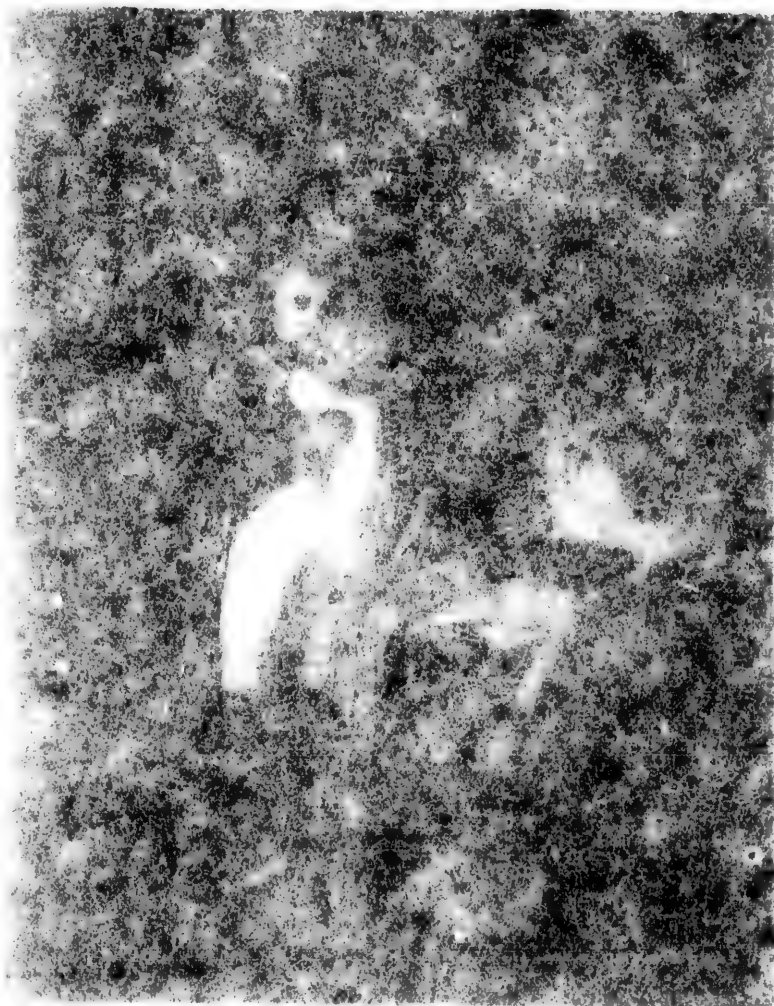
HE held his son within his arms ;—  
Not with the reverent love,  
Not with the gushing tenderness,  
A mother's heart doth move.  
No benediction from his lips  
Greeted the princely boy ;  
But proud, ambitious, lofty schemes  
Were blended with his joy.

“ O King of Rome ! ” the father mused,  
When gazing on his son,  
“ Resplendent glory waits to gild  
The life thou hast begun.  
Thy father's hand has hewn the way  
Up to the Gallic throne ;  
And all o'er which thy France bears sway  
Is thine, and thine alone !

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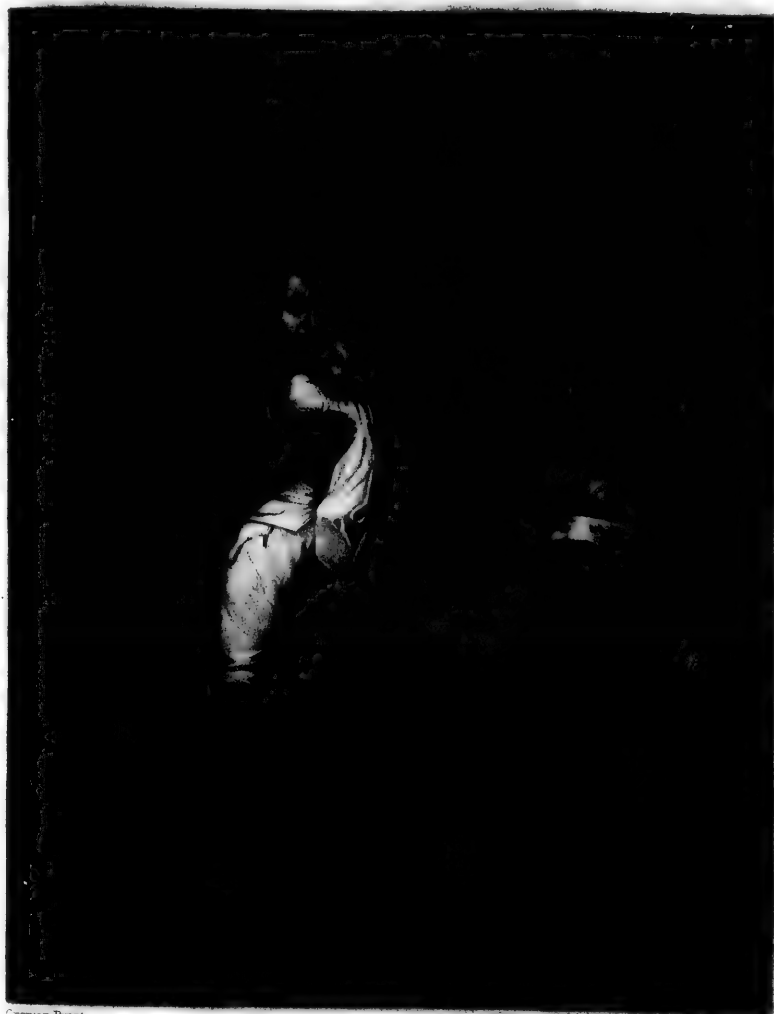


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And all o'er which thy France bears sway  
Is thine, and thine alone !"



Grenier Punkt

H.W. Smith Sc

NAPOLEON AND HIS SON.



"The purple of the Cæsars thine,  
 And thine the Moorish land,—  
 Helvetia locked in fastnesses,  
 By mountains bold and grand.  
 And soon the sceptre of the Cæsars  
 I'll proudly give to thee;  
 And Albion, with her world-wide flag,  
 Shall bend to thee the knee.

"And where my eagles perch aloft,  
 Their conquering pinions furled,  
 Thy rule shall be, till thou shalt wear  
 'The purple of the world!'  
 O! men shall bow bewildered down  
 Before thy dazzling state;  
 And earth shall own thee, with acclaim,  
 Her mightiest Potentate!"

Vain boast and empty! came there then  
 No shade of Waterloo,  
 The ensanguined field, where death and  
 shame  
 So rankly, thickly grew?



Came there no ocean moan or wail,  
From off that "sea-girt isle,"  
Where death, in lonely terrors clad,  
Was waiting thee the while?

Did shadows of the early tomb  
That gulfed thy royal heir  
Not stretch across the horoscope  
Thou saw'st so bright and clear?  
An exile from his beauteous France—  
An alien from his home—  
His heritage a blighted heart,—  
This, this his early doom!

As sink within the troubled sea  
The wrecks of vessels grand,  
So, in the storm by thee evoked,  
Which fiercely swept the land,—  
Now toppling thrones from dizziest heights,  
And now uncrowning kings,—  
Now trampling men on war's red plains,  
As they were worthless things,—

In that wild storm thy star went down,  
 In night that knows no morn ;  
 Like chaff from off the threshing-floor,  
 Thy proudest schemes were borne.  
 Ah ! let us pause, and learn of thee  
 How weak is human might,  
 When daring to contend with God,  
 Or battle with the right !

## THE PILOT.

BY MRS. M. A. LIVERMORE.

"O'er a wide and troubled ocean,  
Oft with storms and tempests dark,  
Tossed by winds' and waves' commotion,  
I have steered my little bark.  
All in shreds the sails are tattered,  
Splintered every towering mast, —  
Masts and spars and sails all shattered  
By the fierceness of the blast.

"Many a foaming mountain billow  
Has broke o'er the trembling deck;  
And I have forgot my pillow,  
Watching for the whelming wreck.  
And the red and hissing lightning  
Hath scarred all its timbers o'er; —  
On the ocean curling, whitening,  
I can trust my bark no more!

"Now without the harbor riding,  
Here the pilot's boat I wait;  
And, alas! the day is gliding  
Down the west, in regal state.  
Shall I never reach the haven?  
Ne'er at anchor calmly lie?  
O, good pilot! haste thee hither,—  
Pass me not unnoticed by!"

Lo, he comes, the fearful boatman!  
At the sailor's eager beck,  
Wide he cleaves the gloomy waters,  
Climbing to the tottering deck.  
Stern, unspeaking, strong, gigantic,  
Now he guides the loosened helm,  
Where the ever-thundering breakers  
Seek the bark to overwhelm.

Darker falls the night about them,  
Fiercer grows the pilot's mien,—  
Blackness o'er and underneath them,  
Not a glimmering star is seen;  
While more hoarsely roar the billows,  
And more furious howls the gale—

Ah ! the sailor's heart has fainted,  
And his cheek is ashy pale.

"Pilot, thou wilt strand my vessel !  
I shall be a cast-away !  
And my bark, that's crossed the ocean,  
Will not see another day !"  
"Peace ! thou timid, trembling sailor !  
I have sailed this sea before ;  
And no vessel makes the harbor,  
But is piloted by me !

"Never yet a ship has stranded  
On this wild and surge-washed coast ;  
Into port each vessel rideth —  
Not a shallop has been lost !"  
Still the sailor's heart beat wildly,  
With his agonizing fear,  
And he looked, with sad foreboding,  
For the morning to appear.

Morning came at last. The waters  
Wild and troubled were no more ;

And before them, bathed in beauty,  
    Stretched a green and sunny shore.  
Songs came floating down the hill-sides,  
    Incense on the air was borne,  
And the country smiled like Eden,  
    In the rosy light of morn.

And the pilgrim saw, with wonder,  
    Standing on the radiant shore,  
Friends who crossed the main before him,  
    Friends who long had gone before.  
With white hands they cheered him onward,  
    Waved him many a welcome warm ;—  
.. Was it thus his voyage ended,  
    Voyage long of wind and storm ?

Wondering turns he to the pilot, —  
    Not a fearful presence now, —  
Beauty dwelt in every feature,  
    Peace and calmness crowned his brow.  
"Pilot, what's the land before us,  
    Where there waits a shining band ?"  
"Lo !" the pilot said, with sweetness,  
    "'T is the beauteous SPIRIT-LAND !"

" And *thy* name, mysterious pilot ?

Now thou seem'st an angel bright ;

Yet thy presence chilled my spirit,

In the dark of yesternight."

" DEATH ! the fearful name they call me !

Fare thee well ! thou 'rt safely o'er !

And my mission now is ended,

For I may not tread the shore !"

## THE HOME OF THE SOUL.

BY REV. R. TOMLINSON.

By the term soul, we mean that mental, *thinking* part of our natures, which distinguishes us from all other orders of animated earthly being, and allies us to a higher, *brighter* order, in a better, fairer clime than any known this side the grave. By it we would designate that part of ourselves which many have been pleased to term immortal, whose existence, consequently, cannot be affected, in any important respect, by the changes we are certain will come to our material organization. It is that to which all virtuous appeals are made, which recognizes beauty and glory in the Creator's works, and is capable of admiration, reverence and love, and of commanding, through these, every other power common to our nature. This also gives a consciousness of obligation, acknowledges duty, accepts all service rightfully claimed, and is active



in every department of goodness with which it becomes acquainted. And, when allowed its legitimate authority, it moves, directs, controls and accomplishes, all that is essential to its own and the happiness of every other being connected with it in social relations.

This we are pleased to denominate the soul — whose home we desire so to contemplate as to become familiar with it, improve our spiritual affections, gain strength and permanency of faith, and the inspiration of a triumphant hope, by the great lessons which it teaches.

That all these are attainable, we are taught by the experience of many who have lived and died, and many who now live and rejoice in their power; — and not only by such a history are we taught it, but that revelation which God hath given us, in much mercy, to direct our understandings and sanctify all our affections, furnishes Divine lessons, and makes bright the way leading to them.

What is, then, the home of the soul? Where is it, that we should seek to know of it?

For a time, the body is its habitation; — hence

it is amid the things that are temporal. "At home in the body," said one inspired of heaven, though exalted in spirit by the anticipation of another dwelling-place. "Our earthly tabernacle," is another expression which he has employed to describe the present habitation of the soul,—intimating clearly and significantly God's preparation of a building for it unlike the present in every important particular.

This is not its permanent habitation,—not its ever-continuing home. It is only its temporary residence, for important purposes, doubtless, which we shall better understand in the subsequent unfolding of our Father's benevolent designs. It is here subject to various infirmities and trials, to many temptations and buffetings, to many persecutions and burdens, to many scenes of affliction and death; consequently a call is made upon all its powers of resistance, upon all its sympathies and charities, and upon all its faith and hope.

These exercises have their uses, doubtless, many of which we can readily comprehend and appreciate. By them, these virtues increase in

power, are disciplined to Divine services, are made familiar with the practical applications of grace, and obtain a confidence and trust which could not be found through any other search, and are fitted, consequently, for more exalted companionships, and more perfect joys.

This vision may satisfy the mind inquiring for the reasons of the soul's present intimate relations; in *part* it may answer questions proposed, and secure a patient striving and waiting for that more perfect promised:—"Now we know in part," "We see as through a glass darkly," hoping for a larger knowledge, and a better sight.

This is the condition of the soul in its present habitation; and though its life is not derived in any considerable degree from it, it is essentially modified by it. Sometimes, however, it becomes, as it were, independent of these conditions, by a forgetfulness of them, produced by spiritual contemplation and devotional communion. Then it lives not in the body, but in and with Christ, having a foretaste of the blessing anticipated. It is absent, in effect, from the body, and is present with the Lord; and how precious are these

seasons to every spiritual soul! They bring to it a deeper, truer life, fill it with devotion and Divine aspirations, and are the medium through which the joys of heaven are participated, and angels come to make their abode with it. They furnish evidences of the possible deliverance of the soul from the slavery of the passions, and from the bondage of sin, and of its complete triumph over the desires of the earthly man. For, if through their instrumentality its affections and thoughts are *perfectly* engrossed a single moment, by a continued appeal of the same power, they may be enraptured still longer, and yet longer upon every successive appeal, until their aspiration is the main-spring of, and spiritualizes, every action.

When thus exalted, the soul has a life beyond and without its earthly habitations; "has meat that it knows of," — not the manna of the wilderness, "but the bread of God which cometh down from heaven and giveth light to the world." But this, though its appropriate sphere, and its true position in this world of duties and conflicts, is not its divinest home.

"A building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," awaits it. A glorious habitation is prepared for it; one incorruptible and immortal, which it is certain to possess when the present perishes by its infirmities and weaknesses, and by what is familiarly called death.

Here the confidence of the Apostle may assist our thought and faith:—"We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God;" "Mortality shall be swallowed up of life;" "He that hath wrought us for the self-same thing is God;" "We are confident, therefore, and willing to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord." And the Master hath spoken encouragingly to all who trust his words and receive his gracious promises. Said he to his disciples, under circumstances of much affliction, "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God,—believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place

for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am there ye may be also."

Our faith is assisted by such heavenly assurances, and a hope is inspired that when the scenes of this troubled life are o'er, the soul will find a home in heaven, where storms and tempests are unknown, and all is peace and joy. To that home it is destined; — for it was created with all its yearning powers, its swelling sympathies, and deathless aspirations. It sometimes *feels* its immortality *begun*, and takes possession of the joy; but this, in the brightest moments of its spiritual life, can be only a *little* foretaste of that which shall be when mortality is swallowed up in immortal fruition. The largest anticipation of the soul will fall infinitely short of the realities of that home to which we go; for is it not written, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him"?

He can gather only some *faint* shadows of the beauties and glories of that land, through the inspiration of our faith, and the imperfect com-

parisons which we are allowed to make between it and earthly things. We can say of it, it has no night of darkness and sorrow, for the Lord God is its everlasting light. It has no sickness or pain, but perpetual health. It has no mourning, but an ever-increasing joy. It has no death, for its life is immortal, like the angels that bend in sweet submission before the eternal throne. It has immortal capacities, and instructions and duties worthy of them. It has teachers of infinite understandings, and companionship perfect in purity, whose every thought and word is but a reflection of the eternal Mind, whose every desire is the will of God, and the consummation of his great purposes. The loved of every land and clime are there, happy in their glory and glorious in their happiness, — loving still, and better than before, and still advancing in the measure of their power, and in the graces of an incorruptible existence.

The cruel distinctions of this world are there unknown. That home has no rich and poor, no masters and slaves, no bond and free ; but all are one in Christ, and God is all in all.

This is the home of the soul; a glorious, deathless home, which knows no withered joys, nor parting hours, — no disappointed trust, nor blasted hope. It is the home of heaven. Behold it, weary pilgrims, burdened with the cares of life, — its conflicts, strifes, and woes! Welcome the anticipations it inspires, the encouragement it gives, the patience it secures; and wait in cheerfulness the period of release. Time's never-tarrying wheels will bring it speedily. The Father's good pleasure will be done, and the kingdom will be yours.

Bondman, behold it! and allow the vision to cheer thee. Verily thou art a child of God, an heir of heaven, and shalt ere long partake the joys denied thee here. It is a thorny way thou goest. Oppression's hand is heavy on thee now. The stripes inflicted, and the chains thou bearest, are burdens cruelly unjust; but patiently endure the evils from which thou canst not yet escape, and give the soul its triumph in the thought that there are ages of infinite delight for all thou sufferest here. By divinest dispensation thou wilt be a freeman yet, — a freeman made immortal,



— yea, more, — a king and priest of God's forever. Faint not, — wait in hope.

Oppressor, behold it! and be inspired by it to a better, truer life. Let it teach thee that he whom thou crushest is thy brother, beloved of thy Father, and, if weaker than thyself, demands thy pity, not thy scorn and hate. Break not him by thine oppressions whom thou wilt meet in heaven, and who, perhaps, will be thy companion, — teacher, — at least, thy friend and brother, — an equal sharer with thee of spiritual joy. Truly, heaven is thy home and his, as God is his and thy Father. Why shouldst thou thus oppress him, and dig for him the pit, and make him grind continually in the prison-house? Bridge o'er the gulf that separates thee ere thou shalt pass the swelling flood, beyond which God will make thee one, and he no longer slave, but child of God immortal. The vision of that future home will make the spirit of the present like it, and purify the soul, as Christ is pure.

Wanderer from the way of virtue, behold it! and in it the angel-spirit of a mother, sister, brother, who, watching o'er thee, and knowing

thy temptations, prayeth that redemption may be thine, and spiritual life. Thou canst not sin with that immortal eye upon thee, and while conscious of the prayer that goes unceasingly to God, in thy behalf. Thou wilt not be a slave to evil, knowing the immortal family of which thou art a member, and the immortal destiny that awaits thee. The inspiration of the thought will break the bondage of the spirit, and make thee truly free.

Mourner, there are thy loved ones, pure and happy, feasting upon spiritual meat, and drinking in the flowing waters of immortal love. Be comforted; — no evil can betide them. Soon thou wilt join them, and form one perfect family in heaven.

Dying mortal, pray for this vision, that hope may swell the sail of thy frail bark, as it swiftly glides over the uncertain sea of human life, and prepare thee well for that dark shore toward which thou art hastening, and from which pilgrims start, sometimes, affrighted, for their immortal home, — “a city which hath foundations whose maker and builder is God.”

These are the contemplations awakened by a view of heaven as the home of the soul, and reveal some of the practical influences of that cheering faith. The Apostle hath rightly said of them, "Every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as He is pure."

## THE ARTIST AND HIS LITTLE FRIEND.

BY MISS ELIZABETH DOTEN.

THE evening twilight had faded from the walls of a cheerful New England home, and now the lamps were lit, and the little family had gathered near the fire. Mr. Upton, the husband and father, was reading the evening papers. He was a man of sound judgment, clear intellect, and a great heart; with strong moral principles, that won him the name of a man and a Christian in the world, yet left him free from bigotry and religious intolerance; and in his home, among his little ones, he was just one of those husbands and fathers that Miss Bremer is ever ready to fall in love with, charmed by their social virtues. There, too, was his wife, who sat near the table, sewing most industriously. Ah! she was just such a woman as such a man might be expected to marry, — calm, cheerful, dignified, — one who believed that woman's rights were woman's

duties; and, laboring faithfully in her own sphere of action, she strove to do all things well, and bring up her children in the "nurture and admonition of the Lord." Upon the hearth-rug sat two little ones, chatting away right merrily, and cutting out paper figures of houses and men, cows and elephants, which they plastered upon the sides of the fireplace, or condemned to the flames if they chanced to meet with their disapprobation. Then, "last but not least," was Master Willie. He was seated by the table near which his mother sat at work, and, with his head leaned upon his hands, his whole soul seemed to be absorbed in the book which lay before him. Occasionally his look of fixed attention would change to one of enthusiasm, which kindled across his face, and beamed in his eyes like sunshine. Then he would start and turn over the leaves quickly, as though he feared the rest would be a blank, or would slip away from him before he could finish it. He seemed to be wholly unconscious of all that passed around, and no sound from without reached him, — not even the merry chatter of the little ones, though

the father often dropped his paper to listen, and the mother looked up from her work to watch operations.

"O, look here!" exclaimed the eldest; "just see what a dog I have made! Don't he look just like Mr. Hicks' Snip?"

"O yeth!" lisped the little fellow, as he dropped his scissors, in admiration; "I sthould think it wath him. Now I mean to make Mith Beanth's cat, 'cauth you know they'll thit down together, and not bite or sthcratch. Don't you like paper things, Jimmy, thometimes, better than you do live oneths? 'cauth you can make wingths to the caths, if you want to, and you can cut off the boyths' heads and sthee how funny they'll look; 'cauth, you know, it don't hurt 'em."

"Yes; and you don't have to put hinges on the doors of the paper houses, but you can pinch them open or shut 'em, just as you please. Now I mean to cut out Mr. Hicks, and after that I shall make Mrs. Bean."

Just then the outer door opened, and the wind came whistling through. Both children dropped

their scissors, and looked earnestly towards the door of the room. It opened slowly, and an old lady, enveloped in a plaid cloak, with the head drawn closely about her face, made her appearance. In an instant the little ones were on their feet, and ran towards her, with shouts of welcome.

"Go away, you little plagues!" said she, as she threw back the head of her cloak, displaying her good-natured face, and her clean, white cap, ornamented with a profusion of yellow bows; "go away, I say! You know I don't like you, and yet you are always taking after me."

"Good-evening, Mrs. Bean," said Mr. Upton, and he rose to give her a seat. "Good-evening," said his wife, as she extended her hand to welcome her.

"There, now, sit down, both of you! If you move an inch for me, I'll go home! I didn't come here to make you trouble." She threw her cloak over the back of a chair, and seating herself, she drew her knitting-work from her spacious bag. "You see," said she, "I've brought my work with me. The Scripture says, 'In all

labor there is profit, but the talk of the lips tendeth to penury;' so, as I had a deal of talking to do, I came 'armed and equipped, as the law directs.' I got all out of work, so I thought I'd begin a pair of stockings for my little —. There, now," said she, as she placed her hand upon her mouth, and glanced towards Willie, "I came within one of telling. Why, what's the matter with you, to-night, 'Billy boy'? You are always the first to welcome me, and now you don't notice me at all. Willie! Willie! wake up!" and she shook him gently.

The child started, and turned round; but his face grew radiant with smiles, as he seized her by the hand. "Why, Mrs. Bean! you dear woman!" he exclaimed, "I did n't know you were here."

"Well, then, I guess you did n't; but I should have cried, in a minute more, if you had n't spoke to me. What book is it you are devouring so earnestly?"

"The Life of Franklin."

"Franklin what?" said the good lady, as she



arranged her spectacles, and took the book in her hand.

"Why, Dr. Benjamin Franklin; — it's a biography."

"A what? O dear! you know too much for me, already; and by and by you'll be reading Webster's Dictionary, and then there'll be no such thing as talking with you. Why, Mr. Upton, don't you think it's dangerous for him to get so intelligent so young? According to my ideas, a child ought to be a child when he is a child."

"So I think," replied the father; "but Willie is not coming on too fast; — he has a little work, a little play, a little study, every day; and when he reads for amusement, I am careful to see what it is; for I'd not like to put Jack Sheppard or Gulliver's Travels into the hands of such a child. Besides, I don't think Willie is anything extraordinary in the way of intelligence."

"Yes he is, too," said Mrs. Bean, with a great deal of warmth; "he is one of the lovin'est, best-natured, most obliging boys in the whole world, or America. Why, when I was cutting and paring

apples, he strung them for me as well as I could have done it myself; and, more than that, them little hands have helped me shell two bushels of beans, this winter. Then, too, there's that poor little helpless orphan boy, Johnny Millar, that can't walk a step without his crutches, — just see how he dragged him on his sled and in his roller-cart, as tenderly and carefully as his own brother. Then, too, he learned the three youngest of that bereaved family to read, young as he is; and they can do it as well as I can, and better, too, without my spectacles. I tell you what, he's an uncommon child." Quite exhausted with this spirited defence of her favorite, she stopped to take breath. With a quiet smile, the mother glanced at Willie; but he was again absorbed in his book.

"Ellen Millar," recommenced the old lady, "said, with tears in her eyes, that Willie was the best friend she had, and little Johnny could n't do without him; and, besides that, I've taken a fancy that he looks just as my Robin used to. To be sure, Robin's hair and eyes were black; but then, — come here, Willie, — it's just across

the nose, here, and down this side of the face. But, I tell you the truth, I've had my misgivings about him. I was afraid, if he read and studied so much, he'd be just like Andrew Grieves, that poor, secluded individual, who has n't spoken ten words to me since I kept house for him, or been further than the yard gate for this two years. I think that people grow just like what they associate with most; and when one gets buried heart and soul in books, they grow dumb and speechless, just like 'em; and that's the only reason why Andrew Grieves sits in his chamber, now, silent as a mummy, without believing in God, or taking any interest in his fellow-men."

"Not believe in a God?" exclaimed Mr. Upton, in surprise.

"No; that's a solemn fact; and it's just what I came in here to talk to you about, though I did n't want to come on to it too soon. And now sit round here, 'Billy boy,' and listen, for you have got a part to act. You remember that yesterday was one of our Lord's own days, when the sky was blue, and the west wind, as it came through the fir-trees, was soft and warm as sum-

mer. Well, it came way into my heart, and I felt a kind of nearness and loving feeling for everybody; so, when I carried Mr. Grieves' dinner up to him, I wanted to say something extra; and says I, 'This is a fine day, sir. Don't you think a walk would do you good? It would make you feel as brisk and happy as a bird.' He lifted up his head, and, shaking it sorrowfully, says he, 'Mrs. Bean, I never shall be happy again.' 'O, don't be down-hearted,' said I; 'this is a very good sort of a world, if we are only a mind to look at it in the right way. Besides, we've got all heaven before us, and all God's children to love.'

"He seemed to be quite willing to talk; for, said he, 'I have been in sunnier lands, beneath brighter skies than this. Twelve long years I dwelt in Italy, and studied the works of the best masters. But when I turned my face homeward, it was with a feeling of joy; my heart was full of hope and love, and it yearned for the home of my childhood, like a wandering bird for its nest. I came, but it was desolate. My father slept in a drunkard's grave, and my blessed mother lay

beside him. I had a brother, but they told me he, too, was a drunken, worthless sot; and my sister, — the idol of our household, the pride of our hearts, — a while she reigned the queen of beauty and fashion, and then they bade me seek her in the dens and burrows of the city.' Then he laid his face in his hands, and moaned as though his heart was breaking. I could scarce speak for crying. 'But,' said I, 'trust in God, and he will do you good.' O, Mr. Upton! I wish you could have seen him then. Look here; he laid his hands down on the table, so, and turning his pale face towards me, with those great dark eyes, he said, 'Mrs. Bean, I don't believe in a God!' I most always have an answer for everything, but then I was taken by surprise. I looked at the white-winged cherubim, in the corner, and at the picture that hung with its face to the wall, but I could n't find anything to relieve me; so I stood for as much as five minutes, with him looking straight at me; then I backed slowly to the door. 'Good-morning, Mr. Grieves,' said I, and ran down stairs, with my heart fluttering like a wounded bird.

"Well, that afternoon, Mr. Hicks came in, as he often does, in a friendly way, to chat and take tea; and as we were talking confidentially together, I heard some one speak my name. I turned my head, and, looking out of the window, I saw Mr. Grieves standing in the back portico, with his head leaned against one of the pillars. 'Come here,' said he. 'What two children are those?' and he pointed towards the river's bank.

"Well, I saw it was 'Billy boy' and Johnny Millar; and so I told him.

"'What a misshapen, ugly-looking thing that smallest one is!' said he.

"'Yes,' says I, 'but he's a good child. "Looks is nothing,—behavior's all;" besides that, "the Lord made us, and not we ourselves."' "

"Then he laughed, in a strange, scornful way. 'So, that is one of the creatures your God has made, to drag out a miserable, painful existence, and then go, no one knows whither.'

"I felt vexed. 'No,' says I, 'God never made him so; but he had the whooping-cough and measles, and, his worthless mother not caring for

him as she should, he suffered the consequences. It was not our Lord's doings. But look there; *there* is a child that is growing as God made him, — coming up to a glorious manhood, to be useful in the world, and a blessing to his fellow-creatures. He is the friend and helper of all, from the little lame boy that he is leading so carefully, to the tiny ant that builds her home in his pathway.' I spoke rather sharply, for I was earnest, and I knew I was speaking truths that came home to him; but I felt almost sorry, he looked so sad.

"‘Tell my little friend,’ said he, ‘I should like to see him, and talk with him;’ and then he went to his chamber.

"Now, ‘Billy boy,’ may God aid and bless you. I’ve nearly talked my hour out, for I promised to be home at eight o’clock, as Mr. Hicks said he should call; but, *mind and come to-morrow*, for since he has taken a liking to you, there’s no knowing how much you may do to comfort and heal his poor suffering heart."

"I will *surely* come," said the child, who sat with his hand clasped in hers, and had scarce

taken his eyes from her while she was speaking. "I will come and coax him out of his dark room into the sunshine. I will lead him among the little children, and then his heart will grow warm, and he will be happy."

## CHAPTER II.

THROUGH the whole of that night, the lone passer-by might have seen a light gleaming from the artist's chamber; and Mrs. Bean, as she woke from her peaceful slumbers, heard the measured fall of his footsteps, as he paced to and fro. It smote upon her loving heart like words of sorrow, and her cheerfulness only returned when the sunshine of another day brought with it her darling Willie.

"Good-morning, 'Billy boy,' said she; "I am glad you've come. Poor, Mr. Grieves hasn't been in his bed all night, and this morning he looks sad and sorry enough. I asked him if he would like to see you, for I was afraid he had forgotten you. 'Yes,' said he; 'if he comes, send him up.' So come this way."



She led him through the richly-carpeted entry, and up a flight of stairs; then, pointing to a half-open door, she whispered, "In there," and left him.

The child stood hesitating upon the threshold, for a moment; but, as the artist caught the sound of his footsteps, he turned, with a pleasant smile, and stretched out his hand towards him.

"Come in, my little friend," said he; "I am glad to see you."

In a moment, all the restraint and awe with which Mrs. Bean's wonderful stories had impressed him vanished. He stepped frankly forward, and took the offered hand. "How do you do, this morning, sir? I was afraid I should disturb or interrupt you."

"Not in the least. I was only looking at this picture, which has hung with its face to the wall for these five years. It is the work of my old master, Gabriel Grassini. He was a good old man, — a perfect enthusiast in his art, yet simple-hearted as a child, and this was his master-piece. See! it is 'Christ blessing the little children.' He sold all his other paintings, but this he would

not part with ; and, because I was a favorite, he bade me take it for my own, should he die while I was with him. Often I have seen the old man sit for hours, with folded arms, and gaze upon this picture, till the tears streamed down his furrowed cheeks. One night, when I was going to a concert, I left him thus, and when I returned I found him sitting just the same. I spoke to him, but he answered me not. I went to him, and placed my hand upon his forehead. He was dead ! but the peaceful and beautiful expression that lingered upon his face was the same as this is here."

"O, how beautiful !" murmured Willie, as he clasped his hands instinctively, and looked up to that gentle, serene countenance, whose celestial beauty the old painter had portrayed with so much fulness and strength of feeling. "It makes me wish that I was one of those little children."

"You are not the only one who has had that wish," replied the artist ; "for often, as I have looked at this picture, I have felt yearnings of love for that gentle and beautiful being, and

longed that he should raise me in his arms and bless me, as he does that little child. But when my light became darkness, and I knew I could be a child no more, I turned the picture to the wall, and strove to forget it."

"O!" exclaimed Willie, as if visited by a sudden thought, "how I wish little Johnny could see this! He would be so pleased. He is sick and lame; and now that he has learned to read, and has read about this very thing himself, it would do his heart good to look at it."

"Go and bring him, then," said the artist; and scarcely were the words spoken, when Willie bounded away like a deer.

Once more alone, the artist folded his arms, and stood again before the picture. "Yes," he murmured, "faint gleams of light visit the midnight of my soul, and I feel as if awakening from a deep and troubled sleep. Ere now, Beauty and Order have sprung from Chaos, and Darkness has ever been the parent of Light. I feel unwonted strength; and Hope whispers me that out of the winter of my soul shall spring buds of promise, which shall blossom in love and glad-

ness. That child, with his earnest love and simple faith, makes me doubt the truth of my own philosophy ; and yet, how tenaciously have I clung to the belief that man can only receive as truth that which appeals to reason, and his judgment sanctions ! But this child receives, in touching faith, whatever one may tell him, doubting not that time will prove the blest reality. Ah ! now it comes ! And thus, perchance, we worms of dust, when looking up to God and angels, feel an influx of diviner life, — a something strange, intangible, unknown, — but which, when cherished in the soul, assuming form and beauty, becomes a mighty power, and flows out from the lips and hands, breathing and working blessings. Am I dreaming *now* ? I have dreamed enough ; and cold philosophy has blown upon me, with its wintry breath, until I seem transformed, — more like an iceberg, lifting up my chilling front, and daring Heaven to smite me. God ! He seems a shadow, — a phantom born of men's affections, — and yet my soul is leaning towards him, through a sad

necessity. Ah! it seems prophetic. Yes, I yield. O Father! lead me!"

The voices of the children, below, reached him, and he went out to meet them; and when he saw how hard it was for the little lame child to walk, he went down and brought him up tenderly and carefully in his arms, while Mrs. Bean, who stood below, lifted her hands in surprise.

Willie threw open the blinds of the chamber; and as the light came streaming in upon that divinely beautiful countenance, with the happy mothers and innocent little ones around him, the sensitive and suffering child burst into tears, and, kneeling on the floor, he seemed to be imploring that blessed spirit to be mindful of him also.

"Why does he weep?" said the artist.

"O! it's because it comes to him *here*," said Willie, laying his hand on his heart, and speaking earnestly. "I can feel it, but I cannot tell you what it is;" and, kneeling beside his weeping friend, he drew him close to his bosom.

The artist trembled with emotion, as he beheld them; and as he lifted his eyes to the white-winged seraph that stood in the corner, now

looking down upon him, in the clear light, with her saintly countenance, he thought he saw a silvery cloud about her, and, in the midst of it, the faces of his loved and lost. The warm, gushing fount of affection sprang up anew in his heart; and his eyes, long unused to tears, were filled to overflowing. He called the children away, and, taking their hands in his, he talked to them a long time, asking them many questions; and when he found that Willie had taught his friend to read, he asked that he would read to him.

The child willingly drew a little book from his pocket, and commenced, while the artist listened attentively; but when he came to the words, "Except ye are converted, and become like little children, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven," he took the book and said, "It is enough;" but he looked at it, and thought of it, and read it many times himself.

"Let us go," said he, at length. "It is a pleasant day, and I will walk with you." So they went down the stairs together, and Mrs. Bean, who yet stood there, looked most gra-

ciously upon Willie, but spoke not a word. They wandered down to the river's bank, to the little bridge above the old saw-mill, and away into the woods, where the birds were building their nests, and blossoms opening to catch the sunshine. As if God had commenced another creation, so "all things seemed to be pressing towards new conditions," — the bursting buds, the springing grass, and new-born insects; and, partaking of the general spirit, the sorrowful artist opened his heart to receive the harmonious and invigorating influences of Nature. He talked freely with the children, telling them, in a simple way, many strange and wonderful truths about the formation of the world and the great universe; and as he instructed their minds, and elevated their affections, by a mutual blessing, his own soul was exalted and strengthened. Then, when the poor lame child complained of weariness, he took him in his arms, and bore him to his home.

Though poor and meanly furnished, yet the home of these orphan children was the abode of contentment and love. The sun stole in through

the vines at the window, and glimmered upon the neatly-swept and sanded floor; and the flowers arranged upon the chimney-piece told how well these simple-hearted children could appreciate the beautiful in nature. A canary, which hung at the open window, was pouring forth his blithest strains; but softer and more musical by far was the low sweet voice of Ellen, who sang as she worked, with the two little ones at her feet. In the next room, too, could be heard the steady tap of the hammers of the two oldest brothers, Roger and Harvey, who were shoemakers. These were the sounds of life, love, and industry, which gladden every happy home.

The little ones ran to meet Willie, with open arms; and when the artist came, leading little Johnny, they welcomed him also. So he took them on his knees, and stroked their silken hair, and watched their merry, laughing eyes, as they told him some simple tale. Then Ellen, the gentle sister, when she saw how much he noticed the little ones, looked up to him with confidence; and he talked to her also, not fearing



her, or feeling abashed in her presence; for she was so calm, so meek and pure-hearted, it seemed *very natural* he should say many things to her that he would not to all; and as they both became interested, she told him of the many difficulties they had been obliged to encounter, and the sorrows and sufferings they had borne since their parents died, and how, at last, they had overcome them nearly all, by patient perseverance, and mutual love and good will.

O, how the artist wondered at himself, to think that he had been shut up in his room, fretting over his own sorrows, while others were suffering thus, and he had money enough, and to spare! Then he spoke of his own experience, — of his sorrows, his weary mind-wanderings and heart-burnings, and how he had been led to think of many things by simply seeing his little friend Willie leading her poor lame brother, so tenderly and carefully, by the river's side. He said much, and spoke *very* earnestly; — ah! he was so eloquent he made her weep; and when he looked up to her, as she stood by her chair, with her pale, sweet face and sorrowful eyes, he thought how

very much she looked like the white-winged seraph in his chamber. Each felt comforted and gladdened, by this outpouring of their sorrows; and when he rose to depart, the little ones came trooping after him, begging him to come again; and Ellen, when she bade him "good-by," thanked him for "his kindness." He could not exactly tell what that kindness was, but he felt that he had given out something of light and goodness from his own soul; and as he walked up the street, holding Willie by the hand, he stepped lightly, lifting his face to the sunlit heavens, and wondering if he was indeed his former self. Such hours come not often in a man's life, and when they do, they seem almost too simple to speak of in words; but they are great eras in existence, — the prophets of the future.

## CHAPTER III.

DRAWN together by a strong tie of love and sympathy, Willie and the artist became warm and earnest friends; and as the artist received light and inspiration from the beautiful manifest-

ations of the child's unaffected goodness of mind and heart, so was Willie constantly adding to his little store of knowledge, from the rich treasure opened to him by his friend. When the child was free from his school duties, they would wander away whole days together, through the fields and woods, gathering rare specimens of flowers, minerals, and insects; resting, at times, in some village porch, or taking their noon-day meal at some old-fashioned farm-house, until "the artist and his little friend" became well known all about the country. Thus years passed on, and — as it very naturally happens, in the course of time, and change of seasons — there dawned, at length, a blessed morning, in the month of May, when heaven was all a-light with sunshine, and earth returned its gracious smiles with blushing bloom and matchless beauty. Then thoughtful heads and loving hearts were conscious of the nearness of the Lord, and thanked him for his goodness; and thus it was that Mrs. Bean, the lone and childless widow, rejoiced in the influences of this grateful spirit, and made her own heart glad with the happiness

of others. She went from room to room, throwing open the windows to let in the air and sunshine; scanning every corner, to see that not a particle of dust remained; arranging the chairs for the twentieth time; adding a few more fresh flowers to the already loaded vases, and then looking around with a smile of perfect satisfaction, as she pronounced it "all correct." Down deep in her heart was the knowledge of a blessed truth, which must be told. That very night Andrew Grieves was to take Ellen Millar, the poor orphan girl, as his lawful and wedded wife, and shield her from the world's rude storms under his own protecting wing.

"Ah!" thought Mrs. Bean, as she stood in the little back kitchen, and looked straight at the Chinese idols on the mantel-piece, "it was the most natural thing in the world that he should fall in love with her;" and surely there had not been such an excellent match since the time when she herself stood up, and promised solemnly to love, honor, and *obey* her now departed husband, Dr. Alpheus Bean. But suddenly her meditations were interrupted by the

hasty entrance of Mr. Hicks, bearing a great two-year-old baby in his arms, which he carried with the air of a hero returning with the spoils of battle.

"Why, Mr. Hicks!" exclaimed the good lady, in astonishment, "where did you get that child?" But Mr. Hicks was too exhausted to speak. He placed the child upon its feet, and sinking into a chair, he could only murmur something about "'Billy boy' and the mother." He was such a full-favored and fleshy man, it was no wonder he was very much overcome. But, as Mrs. Bean stood regarding the child with the greatest curiosity, her darling Willie made his appearance, also, leading a pale and fainting woman by the hand.

"Is this the place?" she said, in a faltering voice. "Have you told me the truth? Shall I *rest* here? O Lord!" and she fell upon the threshold. In an instant, Mrs. Bean was at her side, and, with the assistance of Mr. Hicks, she was brought in and laid upon the sofa. She had fainted, and while Mrs. Bean labored to restore

her, she began to question Willie. "Who is she? and where did you find her?"

"I will tell you," said he. "My Uncle Richard sent me a nice basket of oranges, last night, and I thought I would run down, this morning, and carry a few to old Mother Mason; but I had scarce turned the corner of the street, when I saw this woman coming, leading the little child. She seemed to be so weak she could scarcely walk, and before I reached her she sank down upon one of the door-steps. I ran to her as quick as I could, when she begged me, in the 'name of Heaven,' to give her something to eat, for she was perishing with hunger and fatigue. I gave her some of the oranges, and she ate them so fast it frightened me. Then she asked me if I knew a man named Andrew Grieves. I told her I did, and that he was one of my best friends. At this, she caught me by the arm, and talked so fast I could not understand her. I could only gather, from what she said, that she was his sister, and wanted to see him. So I turned back to show her the way, when we met with Mr. Hicks,

who insisted upon carrying the child, for the poor little thing could scarce step."

"O Lord of love!" exclaimed Mrs. Bean, as she raised her hands, in grateful surprise; "is n't this remarkable? His own darling sister! But don't *say a word*, Willie; don't *say a word*, Mr. Hicks! Keep it a secret, and we'll surprise him. O, won't this be one of the blessedest nights the moon ever shone upon?" and she redoubled her exertions, pouring out the cologne with a lavish hand, until the warm glow returned to the stranger's cheek, and she was able to sit up.

"O!" she murmured, as she clasped her hands on her forehead, and gazed around, "how sick and starved I have been! And my poor brother! he is perishing too! O, sir! go to him! Save him!" she exclaimed, turning to Mr. Hicks. "He is a poor, broken-spirited man; but they keep him in their dens of corruption, and he cannot escape. O, save him! save him!"

"Yes, yes!" cried Mr. Hicks, as he sprang up and pulled on his hat; "I will do anything in the world,—only tell me what!" He buttoned up his coat with nervous energy, and looked round for

somewhere to go. He could scarce wait for a definite and clear direction, when he hurried away to the coach-office, with his great heart beating joyfully in its broad tenement, and his whole soul bent upon the accomplishment of his mission; nor will it be ill-timed, even now, to say, that ere noon-day he had returned, and the erring brother sat, with his sister and her little one, by the kitchen-fire, "clothed and in his right mind."

But the artist knew nothing of all this, as he sat alone in his pleasant chamber, with his hands clasped upon his bosom, and his face raised to the sunlit heavens, pouring out the deep gratitude of his soul to the Giver of all good. Much he wondered what had become of his little friend,—he who had not failed to meet him each day since their first acquaintance, and whose thoughts, and sympathies, and love, had become so needful to his happiness. And, of all times, that he should forsake him *now*! — the fairest, proudest, happiest day of his life. Yet the time passed on, and he came not; and even when the lamps were lighted, and the guests



assembled, and the artist stood there, with that dear chosen one leaning upon his arm, who seemed so much like the white-winged seraph in the corner, even then he looked in vain for that young, familiar face.

But while the artist stood thus, with his soul's affianced leaning upon his arm, the folding doors were thrown open wide, and his youthful friend, with sparkling eyes and a glowing countenance, made his appearance, leading by either hand the lost brother and sister, while Mr. Hicks brought up the rear with the child; and the artist, as he turned his eyes towards them, knew them in an instant. His face grew pale, and his limbs trembled; but, as he stretched out his arms to embrace them, a fervent "Thank God!" burst from his lips.

Then everybody laughed, and everybody cried, they knew not why. Mr. Hicks shook hands with Mrs. Bean, as though he had never seen her before, and cast significant glances at the young couple. The five Millar children drew close about their sister; the little paper-cutters danced for joy; and Mrs. Upton, though she was by no

means weak and sentimental, laid her head on her husband's shoulder, and wept.

Then the artist, as he stood thus, with his own loved angel leaning upon his arm, lifted his eyes to the white-winged seraph that stood in the corner, and to Jesus as he blessed the little children; and because his soul was too full for utterance, he simply laid his hand on the head of Willie, and earnestly exclaimed, "May God bless *you*, my little friend!"

## SAINT VALENTINE'S MORNING.

BY MRS. M. A. LIVERMORE.

"WE shall have a gay time to-morrow, Cousin Addy, — a gayer time than we've had before, this winter!" and the lively little Louise rubbed her hands together, while her eyes sparkled with thoughts of coming enjoyment.

"Why, what takes place to-morrow?" asked the graver and more serious Adelaide, looking up from her homely needle-work, and suspending, for a moment, her labors.

"Why, don't you know that the day is consecrated to fun and frolic, *ma belle*, — to downright solid enjoyment?"

"Well, I must confess my ignorance, Louise; — I did not know that the day was different from any other."

"May Saint Valentine forgive you!" replied the little maiden, clasping her hands, and raising her eyes in affected horror. "Of all the saints'

days in the calendar, his is the only one I remember or keep holy."

"O, to-morrow is Saint Valentine's day, is it? I beg the saint's pardon, as well as your own. But what of that? I know there is an old notion that on this day birds choose their mates. Chaucer alludes to it; so does Shakspeare, in the 'Two Gentlemen of Verona,' I believe; and Herrick has a couplet like this:

'Oft have I heard both youths and virgins say,  
Birds choose their mates, and couple, too, this day.'

But how is this going to make fun for you, you little wild puss?"

"What a horrible *bas-bleu* you are, Adelaide! Let me tell you, there will be that going on to-morrow that the birds will utterly ignore. All day long, a stream of Valentines will come pouring in upon us from the post-office, — sentimental, confidential, and lack-a-daisical; serious, comic, and tragic; inscribed upon paper of every hue and quality, bearing all manner of dainty devices, embossed, perforated, painted, and perfumed, and made as killing as possible; and

can't you see, you icicle, that this will make fun for us?"

"Ah! I begin to comprehend! The pairing is not wholly confined to the feathered race, then?"

"I don't know about that, — the fun is not. Well, then, besides the Valentines, a party of us are going over to the Shaker village, in the afternoon, and to see the Indian relics, — two places I have been dying to visit, these two years; and in the evening we have our grand fancy ball, — *the* ball of the season, — when I intend to look my prettiest, to dance my lightest, and to queen it in a most regal manner. O, these glorious balls! — the music of those divine waltzes! — how it haunts me! — Tra la la la! Tra la la la! Tra la la la! la la la!" and, humming the air of a fashionable waltz, she began caracoling about the parlor, in the wildest and most graceful manner imaginable.

"Then I suppose we are to give up our intended horseback ride, in the morning?"

"O, bless me! no, indeed!" cried Louise, stopping short in her dancing. "I had forgotten that. No, indeed! Let's crowd all the enjoy-

ment into "day that we can! We'll be up by the first peep of day, and, mounting our good steeds, we'll 'to the hills! to the hills, away!'"

"But will you not crowd too much into one day?"

"Too much enjoyment?—who ever heard of such a thing?"

"Not you, *ma mignonne*, I'll be bound. Do you know there is a superstition that the first gentleman one meets, on Saint Valentine's morning, is to be one's future husband?"

"No,—is there?" asked the little beauty, her bright eyes flashing at the thought of additional fun; "then we'll surely have our ride; and we'll make it a regular husband-hunting expedition, won't we? My eyes will be open bright and early, I assure you."

"I should n't suppose *you* would feel interested in such a superstition," said Adelaide, significantly, looking archly at her cousin; "you, who are betrothed, and as good as wedded; but for *me*, now —"

"Indeed, now," interrupted the little lady, her whole manner instantly changing, — tossing her

head scornfully, arching her lip proudly, and looking indignation, — “indeed, now, Cousin Adelaide, I don't know what you mean by saying I am betrothed, and as good as wedded.”

“You don't, indeed! What would Horace Grey say, think you, to hear an avowal of such ignorance?”

“He might say what he pleased, for all that I should care. It is a matter of indifference to me what he says, upon any subject.”

“Heigho, Louise! How very lofty you are! But what's the matter? Are not Horace Grey and you friends?”

“We *have* been.”

“But are not now?”

“But are not now. Our unfortunate engagement is ended; and I beg you'll never mention Mr. Grey's name again, in my presence,” she added, with an attempt at dignity that made her cousin smile.

“But, pray, Louise, what has caused this sudden estrangement?”

“O, don't ask me anything about it,” replied the now saddened girl. “I am not to be tyrannical.”

nized over, nor to be dictated to, by a *husband*, — much less by a *lover*. I am glad our acquaintance is over, for I am much happier than I was before ;” her face and voice both giving the lie to this assertion, as it was evident she was on the point of bursting into tears ; “and now, cousin, if we are going to rise early, we must to bed immediately.”

Unusual seriousness settled on the face of Louise ; her gayety had fled. A painful chord had been touched ; and the cousins soon withdrew to their common sleeping-room, in silence, and disrobed for the night. Adelaide forbore any further attempts at conversation, seeing that Louise preferred it ; and she was fast sinking into slumber, when she caught the sound of a stifled sob, and, rousing herself, found Louise in an agony of tears. Drawing her tenderly to her bosom, she endeavored to draw from her the secret of her grief ; but, failing in this, she soothed and quieted her, till, at last, her troubles were lost in sleep.

Louise Linton was an only child, an heiress, and a beauty. Petted, indulged, humored, caressed, and flattered, she had become wayward, selfish, capricious, and fickle ; and, but for the



good influences exerted upon her by her cousin Adelaide, the early death of whose parents had made her a member of the same family circle, she might have been utterly spoiled. Older, more thoughtful, less highly favored by nature and fortune, Adelaide was yet endowed with a most beautiful spirit, a strong, clear mind, and the most correct principles. A strong attachment had sprung up between the two cousins, — an attachment almost maternal on the part of Adelaide; and, in consequence, some of the most glaring faults of Louise, arising from a defective education, had been gradually but effectually remedied. The work of improvement was still going on, silently, almost unconsciously; and the impressible but warped nature of Louise was being slowly moulded into symmetry and beauty, by the strong-minded, harmoniously-developed Adelaide.

Her great beauty and most attractive manners had captivated the fancy of Horace Grey, at first, and an acquaintance with the young heiress had stolen his heart. He was some eight years older than she, — manly, upright, enthusiastic in his

love of the good and beautiful, thoughtful and studious. It seemed strange that his heart should settle on so giddy a creature as Louise; but no one could doubt the fact, who witnessed his devotion. Louise, in return, loved him with the entireness of an undivided heart, and sought to elevate herself to his lofty standard, and to render herself worthy of him. Adelaide, who had watched the growth of their mutual affection, predicted, in her own heart, the happiest results to Louise from her betrothal, and prayed most earnestly that there might be an assimilation of their spirits, — an ultimate complete blending of their natures, — necessary to perfect happiness in wedded life.

Louise could not, however, correct all her faults at once. She had a spice of coquetry in her nature, and had been so long accustomed to the belleshism of the circle in which she moved, — had become so used to subduing hearts, and to indulge in meaningless flirtations, — that it was almost impossible for her to renounce, immediately, the homage paid her, or to withstand the flattery and adulation yet sweet to her. Though

her heart was wholly Horace Grey's, she now and then indulged in a flirtation which she persuaded herself was harmless, but which greatly annoyed him to whom she was betrothed, who was himself guilty of no such weaknesses. These had drawn forth many a remonstrance from her lover, which were received with tears, with promises of amendment, and expressions of penitence, which bound her to his heart more closely than ever.

On the last occasion of his protest against this, her besetting sin, he had expressed himself in stronger language than usual, thereby greatly rousing the ire of his lady-love, who, to the astonishment of Grey, protested angrily against his tyranny, accused him of petty domineering, avowed her determination to do as she pleased, and, finally, closed her angry tirade by a demand to be instantly released from her engagement to him, which she pronounced "irksome, odious, and hateful.

Astonished, angry, and grieved, Grey immediately complied with the sudden request; and, before Louise had recovered from her anger, they

had parted, both wretched, both angry, and both persuaded that earth could give no future happiness.

Louise was the more wretched of the two; for to the sorrows of wounded affection were added, in her case, the pangs of remorse. She strove to conceal her trouble, and, by affecting an unusual gayety, had succeeded in retaining her secret within her own heart, until it was drawn from her by her cousin, as narrated. She was not, however, a skilful dissimulator; and the moment the fact of her broken engagement became known to another, all her courage forsook her, and she abandoned herself to passionate tears. She loved Grey tenderly and proudly;—every pulsation of her heart was his, and the withdrawal of his love was like the blotting out of the sunlight to her spirit. She was proud of his elegant figure, and handsome person; of his fine talents, and social position; she knew no woman who might not feel honored to call him husband; and she now feared he was lost to her forever, and that she could never win him back, after so greatly annoying, and then so rudely repulsing him. It

was these ever-present thoughts that caused the tears she shed on her cousin's bosom, who guessed the trouble that Louise hesitated to avow.

Morning came, and, as Adelaide awoke the little gypsy from a deep slumber, she was not sorry to see that the traces of the last night's showery grief were nearly gone, and that her spirits were buoyed up and excited by the prospect of the day's enjoyment. They were soon equipped, and, mounting their spirited steeds, were away to a distant part of the town, where the scenery rose from the picturesque and romantic into the bold, the wild, and sublime. They had taken so early a start, that they met no one on their way thither; and, in the absence of all restraint, gave themselves up to the exhilaration of the exciting exercise they were taking. The morning was a delightful one for winter; the air, fresh and bracing, wantoned with their tresses, gave brilliance to their eyes, and vermilion to their cheeks and lips; and, as they were borne over hill and valley, their spirits rose higher and higher, till the usually calm, serious Adelaide was wild with excite-

ment, while the gay Louise gave vent to her exuberant spirits in laughter and song.

At last, they reached their point of destination, — a bold, steep elevation, which commanded an extensive prospect, in whose rugged and crannied sides many a dwarfed pine-tree and hardy evergreen shrub had rooted itself, relieving it of its boldness, and giving it, in winter, even a pleasant appearance. Here they halted to take breath, and to survey the scenery. The distant town, with its white dwellings and churches; the intervening river, sheeted with ice, and glittering like crystal in the morning sun; the cultivated farms, with their various appurtenances; then the increasingly wild and broken face of the country; and, at last, the clustering, rocky, ragged hills, which nature had rudely tumbled together, — here a narrow defile between them, and there a yawning chasm, far down in whose depths tumbled a black, troubled stream, whose wild leavings the severest cold of winter could not tame, — on one side, bleak, stern hills of granite, lifting their bare heads to heaven; on the other, gentler elevations, crowned with perennial

verdure; large masses of dazzlingly white snow, lying piled up in hollows, and covering the high lands, for miles, — all these together, glistening with the heavy frost of the preceding night, and gleaming in the wintry atmosphere, made up a prospect on which the eyes of the fair maidens, who were ardent worshippers of nature, feasted long and admiringly. But, at last, remembering the waning morning, and the various employments and amusements that were to be crowded into the brief and already far-advanced day, they descended the hill, and turned their horses' heads homeward.

"Well, but what does this mean?" inquired Louise of her companion, as they cantered rapidly homeward. "We did not meet a single gentleman on our way to the 'Rocks,' and we are not likely to meet one on our way back. What may this portend, Addy?"

"O, a life of single blessedness, probably," laughingly replied Adelaide. "As for myself, it was all I expected from the omens of the morning."

"Don't predict single blessedness for me! I

protest against it! I shall not accept it! I must get a glimpse of some swain, before I reach home, if it be only an Irish hod-carrier. I have no desire to 'keep my maiden peace, still calm and fancy free,' as the song has it."

"I do not know as you deserve anything better, after having discarded —"

"See! see!" interrupted Louise, eagerly; "is not that a gentleman on horseback, just coming on the bridge?"

"Yes; Saint Valentine is going to prove propitious, after all."

"Now, then, my destiny is to be decided. How do I look, Adelaide, — like a fright?"

"No; most bewitchingly beautiful, of course. But no matter how you look, as it's only Horace Grey coming."

"Who? — what? — Horace Grey?" and, reining in her palfrey suddenly and violently, she came to a dead halt. "Let's turn and go back!" she said, with her usual impulsiveness; "let's go back!" at the same moment turning her horse's head.

"No, indeed, Louise; don't think of anything



so absurd. You will make yourself ridiculous. Come on!" she continued, endeavoring to seize the bridle of her horse. "Are you afraid of Mr. Grey?"

"No; but I will not meet him!" she replied, with much resolution; and wheeling round, as a sudden thought seized her, she added, "We are by the river's side, and I will cross it. The ice will bear. I will wait on the other side, while you come round by the bridge; so *adieu, ma belle cousine,—au revoir!*" and kissing her hand gayly, in farewell, she dashed wildly down to the river.

"Stop, Louise!" shrieked Adelaide, in terror; "stop! the river is not frozen over the channel. For Heaven's sake, come back! Don't venture on the ice!" and she followed after, imploring her return, in agony.

But Louise was excited, and the reckless daring of the thing pleased her. Just casting a glance back at her terrified cousin, and laughing gayly and mockingly, she urged her palfrey to a yet madder speed, and dashed on to what seemed certain destruction, the long plumes of her blue riding-cap streaming wildly in the wind, and the

ample folds of her long azure habit flowing back upon the flanks of her horse.

But there was another who had witnessed this mad-cap movement of Louise, with more distress even than Adelaide. As Horace Grey came off the bridge, he had recognized the cousins, and had instantly comprehended the cause of Louise's halting. A feeling of mingled indignation and sorrow came over him, at this decided expression of aversion; but this gave way to emotions of horror, as he saw her head her horse towards the river, with the evident intention of crossing it. The stream here was deep, and ran swiftly, rendering it an unsafe place for crossing in the coldest weather, but now doubly perilous, from the lateness and mildness of the season. Moreover, he saw, what had escaped Louise's observation, that the river was not much frozen in the middle; and he judged rightly, that the ice around was brittle, and, perhaps, detached from the main body.

Putting spurs to his horse, as he saw the imminent peril of the wild girl, whom he loved, at this moment, immeasurably, he followed after

her, calling on her name loudly and imploringly, and using every means to arrest her attention; but in vain,— Louise, deaf to his cries, and madly intent on carrying her point, dashed on as furiously as ever. There was nothing to impede her progress, and in a moment her horse's hoofs were clattering on the ice, when, looking over her shoulder, and perceiving, as she supposed, both Grey and her cousin in pursuit, she redoubled her already terrible speed. A deep groan came from the depths of his soul, as he saw her blindness to her danger; and, dismounting from his steed at the river's brink, he yielded, for a moment, to the sickness of heart that stole over him. But he could not so resign her to death, and made one more effort to arrest her progress.

"Louise!" he shouted, while his white lips quivered, and a cold dew oozed out on his brow; "Louise, stop! You cannot cross the river! You will perish in the attempt! For the love of Heaven, stop! The ice already bends under you! Stop, or you will perish!" Every nerve in his system was drawn to its utmost tension

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already, by his anxiety for her; and he leaned against his horse in a state of exhaustion, as he beheld her still flying on to death, unarrested by his voice.

But she stopped, at last, suddenly, and as in affright, while a piercing shriek was borne to the ears of those who were watching her, who saw, at the same time, that her hands were stretched imploringly towards them. Suddenly she had found herself on the brink of a yawning chasm, and had felt the footing of her horse failing under him. Pulling upon the rein, she tried to turn him; but the rotten ice was cracked around, and his efforts to gain a surer footing only disturbed the detached blocks, sending them out into the open stream, rendering the chasm wider and the danger greater. With distended nostrils, and eyes starting from their sockets, the noble beast leaped and struggled to save himself, — springing from one sinking mass of ice to another, and neighing in wild affright, — but his struggles were to no purpose, and, at last, uttering an almost human cry of agony, he sank under the disturbed waters.

Louise perceived that her steed was sinking under her, and, disengaging herself from the saddle, and gathering in her hand the long folds of her habit, she leaped towards a large, loose mass of ice floating beside her, at the same time catching a glimpse of Horace Grey flying over the sheeted river to her relief, and faintly hearing his voice uttering words of encouragement, and assuring her of aid. But she did not reach the ice, and her lover and cousin saw her disappear far down beneath the cold, black, running water, with anguish inexpressible.

Adelaide involuntarily covered her face with her hands, as if to shut out the sight, while Grey, to whose feet love and anguish had given wings, flew to the spot where she had sunk, saying, "I will save her, or perish with her!" But when he came to where he had last seen her, there was no trace of her to be seen. Further down the stream he beheld the reeking head and blood-streaming nostrils of her pony above the water, who was making a last effort at self-preservation. Thither he hastened, leaping from one block of ice to another, and gazing downward with strain-

ing eyes and a palpitating heart. At last, he descried her receding form far down in the water, dragged downwards by the weight of her heavy garments; and having already disencumbered himself of the most burdensome portions of his clothing, he plunged in, and brought her to the surface, pale, unconscious, and apparently dead.

Lifting her head above the water, he made his way among the loose blocks of ice that were floating down the river, until, feeling himself failing from exhaustion, he supported himself and his precious burden upon a large mass that moved more slowly along, and upon which he eventually gained a footing. It gave temporary support, but he felt it sinking, and leaped to another, and another, until, finally, by superhuman exertions, he stood upon the main body of ice that covered the river, with Louise folded to his heart. An exclamation of gratitude burst from his inmost soul, as he perceived that her heart pulsed with life, though but feebly; and, folding his cloak warmly around her, he bore her to the shore, as one would a babe. Adelaide came to meet him, proffering her assistance, which he declined with

a gesture, for his full and excited heart would not allow of words; and still holding her in his arms, he seated himself in the saddle, and urged his horse to the nearest house, when he resigned her to the care and attentions of others. Even then, he could not be persuaded to take thought for his own comfort; nor could he be drawn from her bedside until she was pronounced out of danger, when his glad and grateful emotions vented themselves in tears.

Evening came, and the brilliantly lighted hall was thronged with the graceful figures of fleet and airy dancers, clad in fancy costumes; and music, mirth, and gayety, ruled the hour. But Louise Linton, who had proudly reckoned to grace the scene with her beautiful presence, was not there. Often was her name mentioned, during the evening, coupled with expressions of regret at her absence, and of sorrow for her bitter disappointment. But there was not a heart in that gay assembly that throbbed with such deep and holy happiness as did hers on that evening, though lying in a dimly-lighted chamber, on a

couch of weakness. Beside her sat Horace Grey, for whom she had first inquired, when consciousness was restored, and who, with irrepressible tenderness, had kissed away the tears of penitence that flowed from the beautiful eyes of his beloved, assuring her of the pardon for which her pale and trembling lips would have sued, and folding her to his warm heart with a love a thousand-fold increased by the events of the day. The hours passed away in that sweet companionship known only to loving hearts, — in frank confession of faults, with heartfelt promises of amendment; in generous expressions of trust and affection, and in delightful planning for the now rose-colored future.

Soon, "Cousin Addy" glided in, making a third one in the happy party; and though she saw the cheek of Louise was pale, and her lip tremulous, she could not forbear rallying her a little.

"You will never have faith in the superstition connected with Saint Valentine's morning, after this," she said; "the practical working of it has proved so very adverse to your wishes to-day."



Louise looked a tender reproof; but Grey answered, gayly, "O yes; faith in that superstition is to be a part of our religious creed, hereafter. We were both baptized into it, this morning; and Saint Valentine is to be our favorite saint, henceforth and forever. We are not sure that we shall not build him an altar, some day."

"As matters stand now, you had better build yourself a *house*, as soon as possible. Unless you cage your bird, it may attempt to fly again, and then you may have another wild-goose chase in pursuit."

"Just do me the favor to box Addy's ears," now spoke Louise, smiling faintly.

"And when she is stronger, she will repay you with interest," added Adelaide.

And so they continued to chat, in free and careless converse, until the lateness of the hour warned them to retire, when they sought their rest, happier and better for the trials of the day.

THE VESSELS.

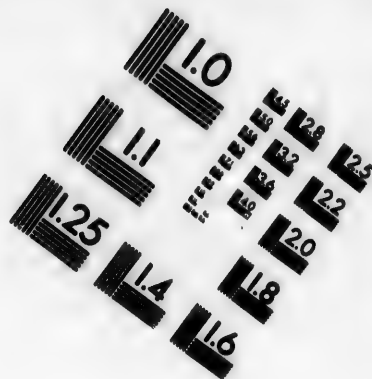
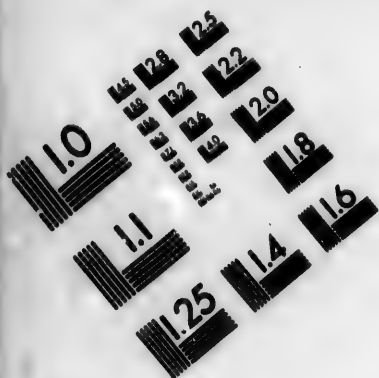
BY MRS. J. A. SAWYER.

"NOBLE ship! with silken streamers,  
Floating on the summer breeze,  
Sailing, in the yellow sunlight,  
O'er the deep and silent seas,  
Swiftly as the cloud-cast shadow  
O'er the sunny landscape flees, —

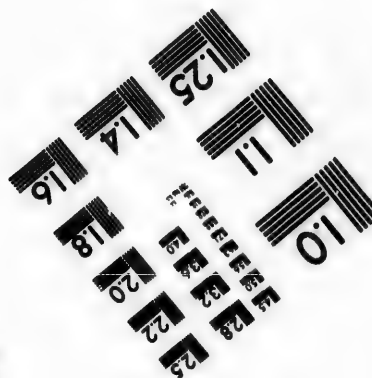
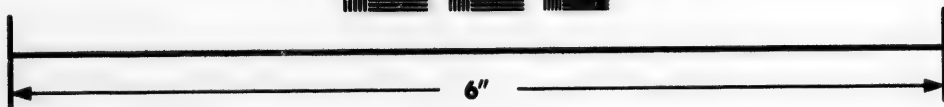
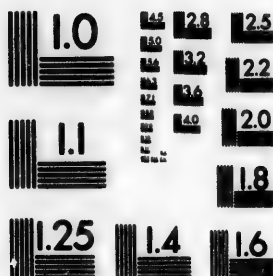
"From the same far country voyaging,  
Pilgrims o'er the same wide sea,  
Furl, I pray, thy sails of beauty,  
Tarry yet a while for me!  
Though my bark be small and humble,  
Let me bear thee company.

"Fearful is the seaman's loneliness,  
Who nor friend nor comrade hath,  
While across the trackless ocean  
He pursues his silent path.





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Fearful in the calm that wakes not,  
Or the tempest's sleepless wrath.

"Thus upon these heaving waters  
Long and lonely have I been;  
Silent stars have journeyed o'er me,  
All around were waters green,  
And the sunlight and the moonlight  
Glimmered with a lonely sheen.

"Linger, then, thou noble vessel, —  
Mirth and joy are on thy deck;  
Gay forms to and fro are flitting,  
Who of pain nor sorrow reck;  
God forbid that aught of evil  
E'er their harmless glee should check!

"Like the song of some sea-maiden,  
In the far-down ocean-caves,  
Music from their lips comes stealing  
Sweetly o'er the dark-green waves,  
Blending with the billow's chiming,  
That my little shallop laves.

"Pause a while, then, noble vessel;  
From thy deck a cable cast  
To my little bounding shallop, —  
I will make it strong and fast;  
Blest by tones from human voices,  
Little shall I heed the blast."

"Little bark, the ocean skimming,  
What art thou, that, on our way,  
When the winds our sails are filling,  
Spreading wide our streamers gay,  
Bearing us so fleetly onward,  
We for one like thee should stay?

"What to thee the voice of music,  
Mellow flute and sounding harp?  
What the ray from soft eyes gleaming,  
Like the stars, when night is dark?  
Stay us not amid our pleasure;  
Fare thee well, thou little bark!"

"Fare thee well, then, haughty vessel,  
I thy cruel haste forgive;

Though alone upon the ocean,  
    'Neath the eye of God I live !  
I forgive thee ! and, in parting,  
    Heed the warning that I give !

“ When the darkness gathers round thee,  
    As the daylight fades away,  
And the heavy wings of slumber  
    On thy crew unguarded lay,  
Then a dark and sullen stranger  
    To thy rudder takes his way.

“ On his brow, so pale and ghastly,  
    Sits a smile to waken fear,  
While his lips to viewless comrades  
    Whisper words thou canst not hear ;  
O ! beware the gloomy steersman ! —  
    Danger threatens when he is near.

“ When most madly leap the billows,  
    Wildest wars the angry blast ;  
When the fiercest flash the lightnings,  
    Loudest groans the straining mast, —



Then the dark and sullen stranger  
Holds thy rudder strong and fast."

"Many thanks, thou lonely boatman,  
For thy warning kindly made,  
But my bolts are staunchly driven,  
And my keel is deeply laid ;  
With the foul fiend for a steersman,  
Little should I be afraid !"

"Fare thee well, a little while, then, —  
Speed thy proud way o'er the main ;  
And forgive that for a moment  
I have stayed thy course in vain ;  
On a shore where all are equal  
We, ere long, shall meet again.

"One same solemn doom awaits us, —  
Nay, forbear thy bootless wrath ! —  
Shallop frail and kingly vessel,  
Ruled by one resistless breath,  
On the same rock will be shattered,  
For the steersman's name is DEATH !"

### THE SPINNING-WHEEL.

A YOUTHFUL matron, mild and fair,  
With hair of golden sheen,  
She sat beside the cottage door,  
Beneath a leafy screen.

For trees stretched wide their arms above,  
Between her and the sky,  
And birds sat singing in the boughs,  
Trying their minstrelsy.

Afar there gambolled on the green,  
In wild and gleeful mirth,  
The little ones, whose shout and song  
Gave sunshine to the earth.

Such bliss was rooted in her heart,  
Song only could reveal;  
And so she trolled a simple lay,  
Beside her spinning-wheel.



JOHN FORD

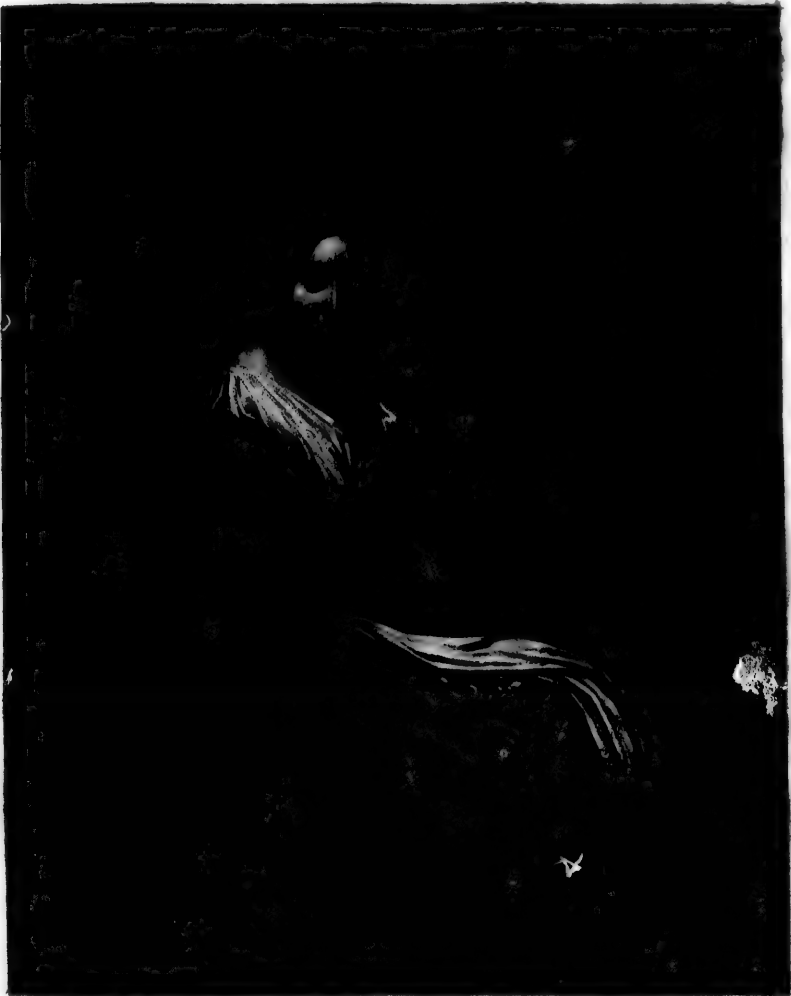
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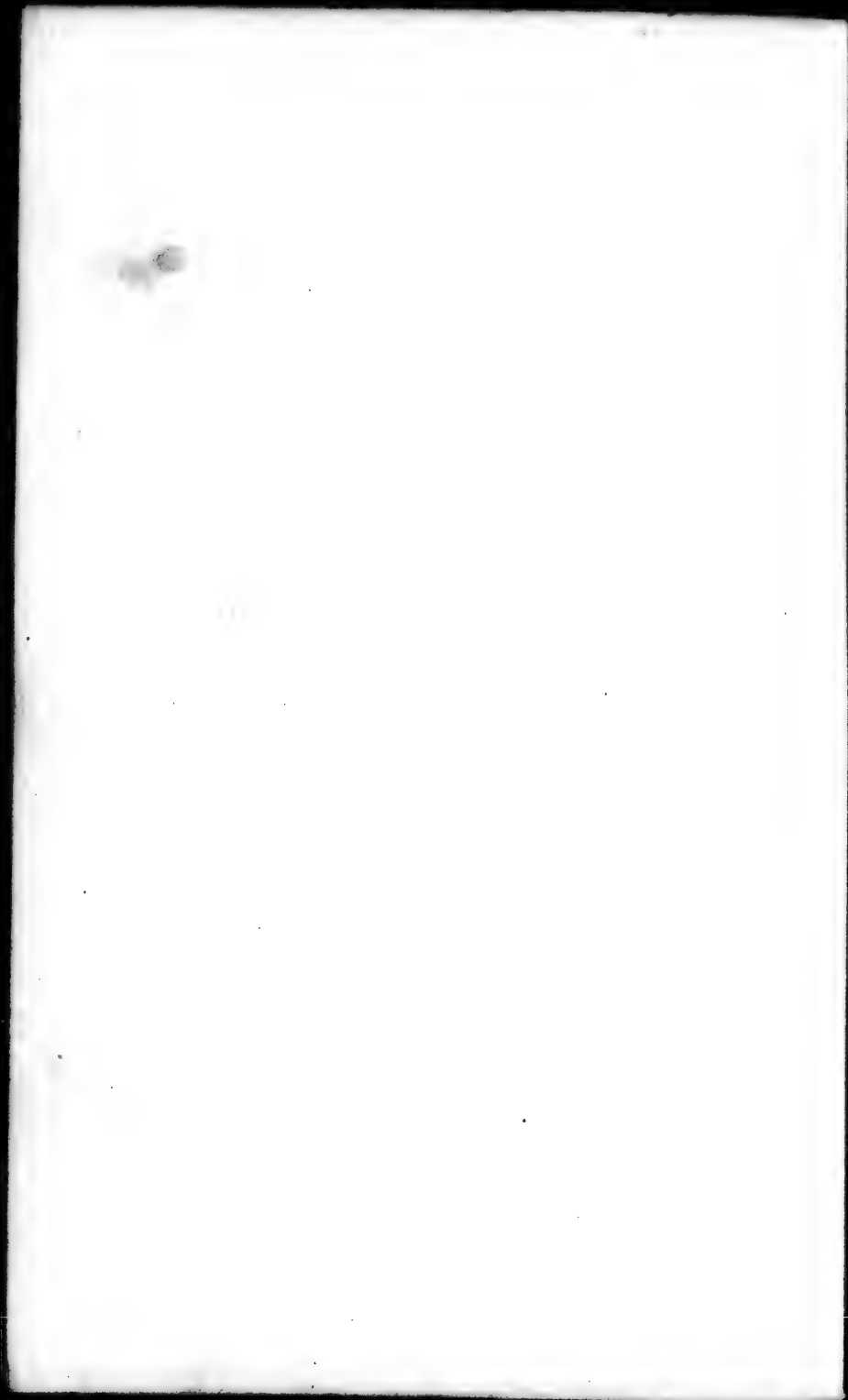
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And so she trolled a simple lay,  
Beside her spinning-wheel.



R. Buckner Pinet.

H.W. Smith Sc.

# THE SPINNING WHEEL.



Fast, fast her slender fingers wrought,  
And fast the spindle flew,  
And larger was the fine-spun web  
That by her labor grew.

O! what to her were Fashion's halls,  
Where Pleasure seems to dwell,  
Where wealth dispenses luxury,  
And mirth and music swell?

She toiled for those she lived to love,  
And asked no happier lot;  
So labor lost its weariness,  
And, singing, still she wrought.

O! love can lighten every load,  
Remove each care we feel,  
And e'en in stern and homely toil  
Some beauty can reveal,  
As she found pleasure and delight  
Beside her spinning-wheel.

M. A. L.

## THE DEFAULTING BROOK.

A STORY FOR OLD AND YOUNG, HIGH AND LOW,  
RICH AND POOR.

BY MRS. T. P. SMITH.

"NIAGARA! sublime, glorious Niagara!"  
echoed a brook, at whose side a lady had  
uttered the words, in describing her visit to the  
wonderful cataract to a friend near her. And,  
as the brook repeated the words, she began to  
grow quite envious and angry that she was not  
Niagara, and quite displeased with the lady;  
and rudely pushing too near where she stood,  
wet her feet, rendering her, far from home as she  
was, very uncomfortable. When she left, the  
brook sulked and pouted, and at last exclaimed,  
"What am I? Here I run, and run, and run,  
and try as hard as Niagara to be somebody; and,  
after all, I am only an insignificant brook!" —  
and then, remembering the little mill and the old  
miller, just at the foot of the hill, continued, "O



well ! a *mill* is only quite a commonplace, matter-of-fact affair, — nobody *admires that* !”

Just then, the voices of merry children were borne on the wind across the field from the school-house, saying, “To the brook ! to the brook !” and a lovely girl of fourteen was heard to say, “The sweet brook !” and added (young girls always string adjectives together), “little, sweet, beautiful, elegant brook !” A smile of satisfaction rippled the face of the brook at this, but bad feelings soon displaced it ; and saying, “Poh ! poh ! only *children* !” very contemptuously, she turned from them, as, putting their mouths or their feet into the water, as was most grateful, they played upon her banks.

Disregarding the sweet cheering of childhood, the brook grew more and more discontented ; and, as their admiration and joy were very evident, she grew sentimental, and said, “Well, nobody else loves me or prizes me, but children !”

In a moment after, the brook was startled by a noise, and looking further up stream, beheld a fine herd of cattle, driven by a good-looking farmer, stepping into the water, for their noon

drink. With a contemptuous rush, the brook moved past them, wondering how *Niagara* would water cattle; and, running on, very soon cows, children, school, and fields, were left behind, and, all alone in the wild woods, the brook thought she could murmur and make herself as miserable as she pleased. "O! I am so sick of men, manners, and life! Here, in solitude, I will keep aloof, and be happy." The thought of the lady and *Niagara* came up again, and she said, "O! if I was only a *waterfall*! even a small one! — then would somebody admire me; but now I am only a brook!"

Soon, a step was heard; a man was seen advancing towards the brook, with a knapsack on his back, and a staff in his hand, — a handsome, intelligent-looking young fellow, — evidently a recruit, enlisted for the war. He took off his hat, and sat down, and leaning his head upon his hand, one might have seen, soldier though he was, *tears* straggling through his fingers. At length, the cause of them was made manifest. "Ah! pretty brook," said he, "I am now to bid thee adieu' — to part from thee, my last friend, per-

haps forever. When a child, I dabbled in thy waters, near my father's house; — a larger child, I sailed my tiny boat in thy stream; made mimic dams and bridges over thy path; and when older, I waded, fished, and bathed in thy waters. Since a man, my forest dinner has always been gladdened by thee. O! I shall think often of thee, — in the dusty march, in the camp, on the battle-plain! I have left all the other loved scenes of my childhood, and now, thou last, loved memento, and boundary of my native village, I bid thee adieu! When the village maidens come to bind their hair with thy flowers, and to bathe their brows with thy waters, would thou couldst whisper my name! and when *Nora* comes, couldst tell her how I loved her! But adieu! I must have other thoughts than these. I shall have other pastimes than thinking of maidens, or toying with thee, pretty brook!" So saying, he drank once of the waters of the brook, and passed out of sight.

"Alone! once more alone!" said the brook, unheeding the kind words which had fallen from the young man's mouth; and envy and discon-

tent, those most baneful of all passions, drowned the better feelings which would otherwise have gushed forth. At last, arousing from a reverie, the brook exclaimed, "I'll not take the trouble to run hither and thither, just for mere nothing at all. If I was a great *river*, and had manufactories on my banks, then it would be worth while; or, if I bore vessels upon my bosom; — but a *brook*! — I'll just take what waters I have up into yonder hollow, and perhaps in time I may get enough to make a waterfall." So saying, the little brook gathered up its waters, and retired slowly to private life, in the hollow among the hills.

On a fine summer's day, farmer Buntling saddled his mare Dolly, and, putting himself and a couple of bags of corn astride, set off for miller Dusty-brown's. As he neared the mill, he saw miller Dusty-brown out in the field, talking to his man John; at which he wondered, as it was his busiest time of day, and on pleasant days he never failed of a grist; and as farmer Buntling had to wait for a first customer sometimes, he was rather pleased to catch miller Dusty idle,

•

that he might get his corn ground without delay. So, giving Dolly a slap with the reins, and bidding her "Go lang," he endeavored to hasten forward; but his admonitions had no effect whatever upon old Dolly, except to make her prick up her ears, and shake her mane and tail. However, the clatter of her hoofs was heard, and miller Dusty turned his head, when farmer Buntling saw at once he would have no corn ground that day.

Miller Dusty was about seventy years of age, but hale and hearty. The little mill had been his father's before him, and a sort of heirloom in the family; and for half a century, with but two episodes, the same suit of dusty-brown clothes had come out to welcome the villagers with their bags, — the same whitish hat, encasing a rosy, round, good-natured form and face, which belonged apparently to the same specimen of the Dusty-brown family. The two episodes of which I speak were, when Dusty-brown senior and Dusty-brown junior had respectively thought, as matters were "gwing on purty well at the mill, they might e'en as well look arter farmer Smith's

darter Sally for Dusty senior, and farmer Baker's down-in-the-holler daughter Betsy for Dusty junior." At these particular times, both the young Dustys underwent the same metamorphosis, — the dust was carefully kept from their clothes for just four weeks; but, with these two exceptions, the Dusty-browns were a race peculiar and indigenous to that little, old, itself dusty-brown mill.

But this morning, to farmer Buntling's surprise, when miller Dusty turned round, he saw a surprising change in him; — his clothes, hat, and shoes, were no longer dusty, nor was his face round, rosy, or good-natured. What could be the matter? Farmer Buntling turned it over in his mind. It was not the death of his wife, for she had been dead several years. It must be his son's wife was dead; and, reining in Dolly to a more funereal pace, if possible, he went slowly up to miller Dusty. Now, farmer Buntling was one of those who think they know everything, and who want everybody to see that they always know things beforehand; so, going quietly up to miller Dusty, without his usual "Good-morning;

how are ye?" vociferated at the top of his lungs, he, as I said before, rode quietly up, tied Dolly slowly and solemnly, took out his yellow cotton handkerchief, and wiped his eyes, rubbing them quite hard, and walking in very solemn style, said, "Sorry for you, friend Dusty; but we must bear these things philosophically!" giving him, at the same time, a sympathizing shake of the hand. "I came to get a couple of sacks of corn ground; but, if you do not feel like grinding, I'll do it myself; but you must not take on about this affliction. We must all give up our blessings, when the Lord wills."

"Then I'm thinking you'll need your philosophy yourself, farmer Buntling; for neither you nor I will grind corn, this morning, nor any other morning, the way the brook looks now."

"You don't say so!" returned farmer Buntling. "But I must; — my family'll starve."

"They'll have to starve, then; for not a drop of water has run in the brook since Saturday, and it must be turned off entirely, or enough would come to turn slow."

With a most demure and sympathizing look, the

two went together to examine the brook, which they found, of course, dry; when, leaving miller Dusty, farmer Buntling hastened off to the nearest mill, which was a long way off.

A week after this, he heard miller Dusty was very sick. He went to see him. He found him pale, emaciated, and miserable. "O, neighbor Buntling!" said he, when he saw him, "I am glad you have come, for I want to advise with you. At my time of life, it is a sad thing to come to want; nevertheless, I am destined to do so. The little I have laid by will not last long; and, now the brook is dry, I have nothing to do; and, alas! I, that have brought all my children up honest and respectable, must die in the poorhouse!" and the old man burst into tears. Farmer Buntling did all he could to comfort him, and, taking his leave, returned home, soliloquizing to himself, as he went along, "What upon airth could ha' sot that brook to stopping? It will be the death on him — I see it."

Just as he had uttered these words, he had arrived at the bend of the brook! The brook heard, and shuddered. She had known the



Dusty-brown millers so long, — old and tried friends they had been; and the thought that *she* should be the death of one! — but no, it could not be; farmer Buntling was speaking ironically, she knew; so, wrapping herself up in her panoply of green, she grew more selfish and hard-hearted.

The village school was out, and the noisy voices of the merry urchins might be heard, for a mile, as with youthful glee they sported round. "O dear! oh dear!" exclaimed the voices of several, coming to the brook. "What shall we do, if the brook never runs again? How much we miss it! We come so far, it is dreadful to have no water when we get here." The brook heard, and began to feel like relenting; for she loved the sweet children that so often played at her side; and, to tell the truth, for all her despising their opinion of her, she felt lonesome, up there among the hills, without her pretty play-mates. But, like human beings who hug to themselves a whim, or delusion, and ward off everything that would convince them of its fallacy, she said, "Well, when I get rich and

great, I will surprise and please them more;" and contented herself with the vain fancy of doing some great and wonderful thing by and by, instead of quietly and contentedly doing a little good now, in an unostentatious way, and which, after all, would result in more than a *little* good; but, being only a brook, she could not see it.

It was now mid-summer; — the whole landscape was parched and dry, and at mid-day, weary and panting with the toils and heat of the day, the industrious and hard-working farmer brought his cattle to water; but, lo! and behold! not a drop! — the stream from whence they had so often slaked their thirst and cooled their feet had vanished! "Good gracious!" said the farmer, who was a pious man, and would not swear, "what can this mean?" and suddenly reminded of what a Millerite neighbor had been trying in vain to impress him with, he said, "Bother the luck! he'll call this another 'sign.' Miserable brook, to dry up just now, when we want it most! But it is rayther curious, though, aint it, Brindle?" stroking the front of a fine-looking ox, who

had worked hard, and wanted drink ; " twenty-four hours ago, there was water here, plenty ; ' refreshment for both man and beast,' as the tavern sign says ; but now we must go further and fare worse, as I told Susan, when she said she did n't love me ! " And here he appeared to be irritated, either by thirst or unpleasant reflections, both of which were caused by the defaulting brook ; and striking the nigh ox a rather severe blow, he sent them, on the run, a half-mile further, for water.

The brook had heard all this, but did not care much, till the blow fell upon the poor ox. This cut her to the quick ; for, as the Homeopathsists say, " like is very agreeable to like ; " and as the cattle had so gratefully returned, day after day, to receive her cool attentions, she had felt animated and warmed by their regards and pleasant faces, until a reciprocity of enjoyment and sympathy had sprung up between these otherwise unlike portions of nature and creation. Drops stood in her eyes, and floods of grief choked her utterance, or she would have called out to them, from her hiding-place, to come back, and she would

run down to where they stood, and meet them ; but they went away so fast, they were gone before she had time or power to speak a word. More sulky and uncomfortable now, from her disappointment, she declared she would not go now, at all, *never* ; but would remain where she was, always. “ ‘ Miserable brook ! ’ he called me, did he ? He shall see I am not to be obtained in that way ! I wont go now, *at all* ! ” and she relapsed into that state of belligerent sullenness which all people feel who persist in a course of action they are convinced is wrong.

The summer passed away, — the winter set in ; and untrodden snows surrounded the poor brook. As struggling rays of sunshine rested upon her waters, they responded not with their usual gleeful sound of leaping and running among rocks or over a pebble bed ; for, sullen and stagnant, the brook gave no sound, save, now and then, a groan or sigh, as she thought how uncomfortable she had made herself. Formerly, at morning, noon, and night, the pretty prattling of children, as they went to and from school, had been cheering her ; and the lowing

of flocks and herds, as they went past. Now, nothing was heard but the howling of the bleak winds, as they blew among the hills; no prints of little feet and little sleds were on her borders; only one uninterrupted icy chain of snows surrounded her. The old mill was untenanted; miller Dusty-brown had gone home to a son's house, almost broken-hearted, to die; and the village itself seemed almost another village, since the brook — which turned the mill, which watered the cattle, pleased the children, and gladdened all eyes with the dashing and leaping of its clear bright waters — had so suddenly vanished, — the naughty *defaulting brook!*

Another summer's sun shone on that pretty village, but it shone on the dry bed of that wilful brook. The Mexican war was ended, — our volunteers were returning, poor, ragged, and sick; seeking their homes, toil-worn and blackened, and many of them to die. One of these might have been seen, slowly and with difficulty, threading his way to this village. A scar over a very pale and haggard brow told of wounds as well as sickness, while his tottering and feeble steps

evinced great weariness and exhaustion. On the borders of a piece of wood, he paused, and, panting, said to himself, "O! if I had but strength to get a little further through this wood! then, then—" and a glow overspread his pale features,—"shall I see my childhood's home,—my mother's house! O! that I might once more lean upon her breast!—once more feel her soft hand upon my brow!—once more hear her offer for her wandering but repentant boy an earnest prayer!" Staggering on, he reached the middle of the wood; but there he was obliged to rest. It was now the middle of a very hot day, in summer. The thickest shade of the trees seemed to be penetrated by the burning sun, and he was parched with thirst. Rising, after resting a short time, he said, "I must go on as far as the brook! I shall certainly die here! I must have water to cool this burning fever in my veins!" Struggling on, he did not stop till he reached what was, alas! only the *dry bed* of the ambitious brook! With a groan and a gasp, he fell upon his face, turning his eyes towards the beautiful village,—the loved village,—the vil-

lage of his infancy,—the abode of one whose image had sustained him in many an hour of despondency and suffering. But he should see her no more! He must die,—die, without one loved tone,—one dear form to be near to soothe his passage out of this world!

A whole lifetime of twenty-five years now came unbidden into a moment's thoughts. His soul seemed invested with infinite powers of remembrance and thought. All his misdeeds,—all his forgetfulness of a father's counsels, of a mother's prayers,—all, all rushed through his soul, and he groaned in agony. The groan was heard by the brook, who, listening attentively, heard him say, "O God! *must* I die? and perhaps not be discovered here for weeks or months,—and then I am so altered I should not be recognized;"—and he groaned more bitterly than ever. There is something in man's social nature that recoils from a death-couch far from any human being; and the poor youth continued, "O my mother! Could you but know your poor James was here, how would you run to him!—and Nora! Nora!"

The brook well knew who Nora was. Often

and often had the radiant form and face of the lovely girl been reflected from the clear waters of the brook, as she bound flowerets in her hair, or waded through the limpid waters; and often had she heard the name of *James* from Nora's lips, when no human eye or ear was nigh, to witness the fluttering of her beautiful breast, or listen to her gentle sighs. Well did the brook remember that just in the place where he now lay, James had bidden her farewell; and she became much agitated at the recollection, and listened nervously, and with many misgivings as to whether she had done right in drying up the dying traveller's draught. Once again he spoke, — "O my God! pardon a repentant sinner; have mercy on my poor mother, if she finds me here. Bless Nora, — may she think of me! O, if I had only a drop of water, I might see you again, — all of you; but, without it, I must die!"

The brook could no longer listen quietly. That the dear boy, who had paddled his tiny feet in her waters, sailed his mimic boat upon her bosom, drank often and often, when a handsome youth, at her gushing rills, should now die for



the want of one little draught, she could not endure. She became more and more agitated and restless, until, at last, with one bound, she sprang from her guilty hiding-place, and, rushing over the rocky bed, flew to his feet. The poor man heard a sound as of water mocking his dying moments, and, lifting once more his failing eyes, behold!—there was water. Like a loving spirit, it kissed his brow and hands and blistered feet, and brought sweet fresh flowers for him to smell, and soon he began to revive; and as he revived, and arose and went home, it seemed to him that he heard sobs and sighs, and then again a laugh, as if some one was crying and laughing for joy; but he could see no one, and concluded it was but the noise of the brook running past. So was it, indeed. With the first return to duty, and the kind offices of love and benevolence, had come such a gush of happiness, that she was almost wild with joy, and laughed and danced and sung. At the same time, sobs of repentance occasionally interrupted her gladness, that she had been so remiss.

Desirous now to make amends for past neglect,

she hastened on down to the village. It was, as I said, midday, and the children soon espied her; and shouts of joy, and huzzas of rejoicing, soon rent the air for the return of their old friend. The little girls said they could hug and kiss the dear water. She had to stop one moment, and play with and return the kind greetings of the children, and, while doing this, she espied her old friends, the cattle; and the grateful look with which the dumb creatures stepped once more into her refreshing waters was sweeter to her, *in her better state of feelings*, than the noisy praise of *some human voices*.

There was one thing the brook remembered with anxiety; that was, that the old miller was sick. "Ah! if he were dead, she could never atone!" Hastening on, with an agitated movement and a heaving breast, she was filled with regret to see the old mill—the pretty, romantic old mill—neglected, useless, falling to ruins. Rushing in and out, she made all the noise she could, to attract miller Dusty-brown, if alive; but she found the house empty, and, supposing he was dead, was just turning to run further on, when

she saw the old man coming, — hurrying, hastening, all excited, — to see if it could be true that the brook had come back, and that the mill would again work. He looked at the poor little dam his own hands had reared ; he looked over to the wheel ; he looked up and down stream, and — he was an old man — burst into a flood of tears. “ Blessings on the brook ! ” said he, at length ; “ I shall be a man once more. This is the happiest day of my life. Here, you boys, some of you run down and tell my son John to come right up, as I shan’t come back again ; I shall live and die here.” Right glad was the brook to hear the tremulous tones of her aged friend, the miller ; and to find everybody so glad to see her, filled her with delight. Even the old wheel gave a creak of satisfaction, as she passed.

As she hastened further on to the next village, she observed that two or three smaller brooks, that had formerly been tributary to her, were now, owing to her bad influence and example, turning aside, and withholding their waters from the general good. But a few words of admonition and encouragement from her inspired them

with new life, and they soon followed her down to a large manufacturing town on the banks of the river, where she gladly took her humble place, wiser and better for her folly and repentance.

The next day, she was overjoyed to hear the following conversation between some of the company of the water-power:

"Well, Mr. Jones, I have good news for you."

"What is it?" said Mr. Jones.

"Why," said the first speaker, "all those poor people of whom you spoke to me a while since can now be employed. Our tributaries came down from the mountains so freely, yesterday and last night, that we can employ a hundred more operatives. The lower mill, which has not been worked since last summer at this time, is now flooded; and you may send up all the men, women, and children, you find wanting work, and we will give them enough to do."

"Right glad am I to hear this," said Mr. Jones, "for the poor people, who were turned out of that mill by the water stopping so suddenly suffered dreadfully — (a wave of regret and sorrow passed

over the brook, at hearing this) — and I rejoice that they can again have work."

"Yes," said the first speaker, "we are all looking up; for all the wheels needed was more water, according to their power, and we are rejoicing in the prospect. It seems like old times; and if the stream continues to run as full, we can have another dam as well as not, and another shop, still lower;" and the two walked away, still talking over more plans of improvement.

The brook remained very thoughtful. The reflections which arose were as follows:

"How could I have envied Niagara? How could I have been dissatisfied, when I was making so many creatures happy? Ah! the Creator of the universe knows best which waters should be Niagara, which the little brook. Let me joyfully stand in the lot and place assigned me, and make those happy around me, ambitious not for admiration, but to do my duty."

There came a sudden shower and a rainbow, and this sweet sentiment of duty and lofty ambition was exhaled in the mist, and, refracted by the sun, was written on the bow, addressed to every

human being, thus: "Up! up! to life and to duty! Do a little good, if you cannot do much; and be ambitious to make others happy and beloved, rather than to be admired."

AMIE.

O, LAKE of crystal clearness !  
Thou gav'st thy depths of blue,  
Thy calm, untroubled azure,  
To eyes we looked into !  
While feeling added tenderness to their bewitch-  
ing hue !

O, blush of early morning !  
Thou play'dst upon her cheek,  
Where ever seemed revealing  
The thoughts she dared not speak !  
To give them further utterance, the lips were all  
too meek.

O, starlight soft and tender !  
Thou gav'st thy saintly smile  
To glorify a beauty  
That saint-like seemed the while !  
Like some rare, antique picture, devoid of earthly  
guile.

O, soul of touching melody!  
Thou livedst in her tone;  
Her speech we listed as to song,  
Her voice was music's own;  
Her soul was one of harmony, and not her voice  
alone!

O, angels of the Holy!  
Ye sure to her were kin!  
So meek, so pure her nature,  
So free from taint of sin.  
O, was it not an angel that dwelt that form  
within?

O, angels of the Holy!  
Ye wiled from us away  
The light that chased our darkness,  
The sun that made our day!  
Say, did ye lack companionship, that here she  
might not stay?

O, heaven high and glorious!  
Thou shrin'st one jewel more, —



One more white seraph in thy choir,  
One song unheard before !  
Alas ! the loan thou mad'st us thou bad'st us  
soon restore !

M. A. L.

## THE PARTING OF SIGURD AND GERDA.

BY MISS ELIZABETH DOTEN.

“He is a strong, proud man, such as a woman might with pride call her partner — if only — oh, if he would but understand her nature, and allow it to be worth something.” — *See Miss Bremer's "Brothers and Sisters."*

SHE stood beneath the moonlight pale,  
With calm, uplifted eye,  
While all her being, weak and frail,  
Thrilled with her purpose high;  
For she, the long-affianced bride,  
Must seal the fount of tears,  
And break, with woman's lofty pride,  
The plighted faith of years.

Ay! she had loved as in a dream,  
And woke, at length, to find  
How coldly on her spirit gleamed  
The dazzling light of mind.

THE PARTING OF SIGURD AND GERDA. 301

For little was the true, deep love  
Of that pure spirit known  
To him, the cold, the selfish one,  
Who claimed her as his own.

And what to him were all her dreams  
Of purer, holier life ?  
Such idle fancies ill became  
A meek, submissive wife.  
And what were all her yearnings high  
For God and " Father-land,"  
But vain chimeras, lofty flights,  
While Sigurd held her hand ?

And then uprose the bitter thought,  
" Why bow to his control ?  
Why sacrifice, before his pride,  
The freedom of my soul ?  
Better to break the golden chain,  
And live and love apart,  
Than feel the galling, grinding links,  
Wearing upon my heart."

He came, — and, with a soft, low voice,  
In the pale gleaming light,

She laid her gentle hand in his, —

“Sigurd, we part to-night.

Long have these bitter words been kept

Within this heart of mine,

And often have I lonely wept, —

I never may be thine.”

Proudly, with folded arms, he stood,

And cold, sarcastic smile, —

“Ha! this is but a wayward mood,

An artful woman's wile.

But this I know; so long — so long

I held thee to thy vow,

That I have made the bond too strong

For thee to break it now.”

“You know me not; — my lofty pride

Was hidden from your eyes;

But you have crushed it down so low

It gives me strength to rise.

O! all my bitter, burning thoughts,

I may not, dare not, tell!

Sigurd, my loved, — *forever* loved! —

Farewell! one more farewell!”

One moment, and those loving arms  
    Were gently round him thrown;  
One moment, and those quivering lips  
    Pressed lightly to his own;  
And then he stood alone! *alone!*  
    With eyes too proud for tears,  
Yet o'er his stern, cold heart, was thrown  
    The burning blight of years.

O man! so God-like in thy strength,  
    Preëminent in mind,  
Seek not with these high gifts alone  
    A woman's heart to bind.  
For, timid as a shrinking fawn,  
    Yet faithful as a dove,  
She clings through life and death to thee,  
    Won by thine *earnest love*.

## THE MEETING OF SIGURD AND GERDA.

BY MISS ELIZABETH DOTEN.

"And beautiful now stood they there, man and woman ; no longer pale ; eye to eye, hand to hand, as equals, — as partners in the light of heaven." — *See Miss Bremer's "Brothers and Sisters."*

"O, EARLY love ! oh, early love !

Why does thy memory haunt me yet ?

Peace ! I invoke thee from above, —

I cannot, though I would, forget.

How did I strive, with prayers and tears,

To crush this wasting passion-flame !

But after long, long, weary years,

It burns within my heart the same."

She wept, — poor sorrowing Gerda wept,

In the dark pine-wood wandering 'lone,

While cold the night-winds past her swept,

And light the stars above her shone.

Dear, suffering dove ! her song was hushed,

The blithesome song of other days,

Yet, oh ! when such true hearts are crushed,  
They breathe their holiest, sweetest lays.

A step was heard. Her heart beat high ;  
Through the dim shadows of the wood  
She glanced with quick and anxious eye, —  
Lo ! Sigurd by her stood ;  
And as the moon's pale, quivering rays  
Stole through that lonely place,  
He stood, with calm, impassioned gaze,  
Fixed on her tearful face.

“Gerda,” he said, “I come to speak  
A long, a last farewell ;  
Some distant land and home I seek,  
Far, far from thee to dwell.  
O, since I lost thee, gentle one,  
My truest and my best,  
I have rushed madly, blindly on,  
Nor dared to think of rest.

“The night that spreads her starless wing,  
Beyond the northern sea,  
Does not a deeper darkness bring  
Than that which rests on me.

Yet, no! I will not ask thy tears  
 For my deep tale of woe;  
 Forgetfulness will come with years;  
 Gerda — my love — I go!"

"Stay! Sigurd, stay! O, why depart?  
 See, at *thy feet* I bow;  
 O, cherished idol of my heart,  
 Reject — reject *me*, now!"  
 But not upon the cold, damp ground  
 Her bended knee she pressed;  
 Upheld, and firmly clasped around,  
 She wept upon his breast.

'Reject thee? No! When earth rejects  
 The sunshine's summer glow,  
 When Heaven one suppliant's prayer neglects,  
 Then will I bid *thee* go.  
 And, by the watching stars above,  
 And by all things Divine,  
 I swear to cherish and to love  
 This heart, that beats to mine!"

O, holy sense of wrongs forgot,  
 And injuries forgiven!



THE MEETING OF SIGURD AND GERDA. 307

The human heart that feels thee not  
Knows not the peace of heaven.  
Dear Son of God! thou suffering Dove,  
Who taught us how to live,  
O, teach us also how to love,  
And freely to forgive!